

"The World's Coming Religion" by Baba Bharati

Volume 1
No. 10

उद्दिष्टावतारः

JULY
1907

The
LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read



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Edited by **BABA BHARATI**

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IMPORTANT NOTICE to Subscribers and Readers

After this issue the publication and the main office of the *LIGHT OF INDIA* will be transferred to India, owing to the departure, this month, of its editor and publisher, Baba Bharati, for his own country. The Baba is leaving this country, at this time, because of the call of his country which is now in a state of unrest, an account of which will be found in the Baba's statement published in the *Los Angeles Herald* and reproduced at the end of this number.

INCREASED SIZE AND READER MATTER

The transfer of the publication of this magazine to India will be to the benefit of its readers and subscribers. The cost of printing in India being far cheaper than here, we will be able to more than double its present size, having our own printing office to print it in. Besides, the magazine will be further enriched in its reading matter by the contributions from the pen of other illuminated writers whom the Baba has secured to assist him in the conduct of this "unique" and "most distinctive" periodical, as it has been called by the best of American readers. The Baba will have more time which will be spent in adding other interesting features.

JAPANESE AND CHINESE SKETCHES.

The Baba will make a short visit to Japan and China. We know that all who have read with so much pleasure the "Baba in the West" will be more delighted to read of the "Baba in the East." The same keen insight and careful study, which has made the "Baba in the West" so instructive and interesting, will make greater discoveries when directed to the East, with whose manners, customs and consciousness the Baba is far more familiar.

NO ISSUES FOR AUGUST, SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

On arrival in India about the first week in October, the eleventh issue of the *LIGHT OF INDIA* will be put into the hands of the printers. It will be marked the *NOVEMBER NUMBER* and will be received by American readers in that month. *There will, therefore, be no issue of the magazine for August, September and October.* The First Volume will end with the December Number, so that the Second Volume will begin with January.

STORY OF "JIM."

There will be larger installments of "Jim," which has created such unusual interest, in the next two issues and the First Part of the story will be completed with the First Volume. The Second Part will begin and end with the Second Volume and will reveal still more soul-thrilling scenes and captivating details of the inner life of India. From January the magazine will be increased to 100 pages so that each number will contain from five to six chapters of "Jim."

From January the price of the *LIGHT OF INDIA* will be increased to One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year and fifteen cents per copy for American readers. But old subscribers remitting their subscriptions before December will have the privilege of having the magazine for One Dollar as now.

Subscriptions may be sent to us direct at our Indian office, BRINDABAN, DISTRICT MUTTRA, U. P., INDIA, or to Miss Eleanor Reesberg, Agent for the *LIGHT OF INDIA*, Metaphysical Library, Room 611, Grant Building, Los Angeles, Cal., who will also answer inquiries and supply sample copies.

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NO. 10.

GLORY TO THEE, THOU WHO ART LOVE!

Glory to Thee, O Creator of all, Thou who art in all, of all, and with all. Glory to Thee, Thou who art Love. May we know Thee as Thou art, may we see Thy face where'er our eyes do turn, may we feel Thy hand where'er our gropings are, may we know Thy footsteps where'er our footfalls linger! May Thy Word be recognized in each sound that falls athwart our hearing, may Thy smile be spied in each grace that encompasses us about, and Thy love be proven in each obstacle that confronts us! May Thy will be the rungs by which we mount unto Thy love, and the cognition of Thy will the fulfilment of our desire! May we know, do and love Thy law, seeing in it the weal of the world and the crown of welfare unto its people.

WHAT MATTERS MOST OF ALL

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

It matters not what hand it is
That leads me to the height;
It matters not what race it be
That points to me the light.

It matters not what gods I serve,
Nor yet what creed I hold;
Wherefrom the Truth doth come to me,
From new lands or from old.

It matters much what good I bring
Onto the world of God;
What service that I render man,
What thoughts I cast abroad.

It matters, too, how I respond
Unto my brother's call;
Yea, if I have a loving heart,
That matters most of all.

THE WORLD'S COMING RELIGION*

BY BABA BHARATI

BELOVED ONES OF MY LORD:—Yes, they are all looking forward to a religion for the whole world; and because the world is wanting to have it so much, it is coming. What the world wants in the aggregate,—what most men and women, the majority of men and women, want for their upliftment,—whether that want be spoken or silent, it goes to the Throne of God, to His Heart, and that Heart responds to that call. We do not know, or if we know we forget at most times, that the whole universe is God; and all phases of manifestation are but so many phases of God in manifestation; all the human minds—the minds of all men,—make up the mind of God; and what those minds—the aggregate of human minds—want, God wants. The will of all mankind is the will of God; for God's mind is the mind of man. Every human mind is but a partial manifestation of the divide mind,—of the universal mind. Therefore I say because the whole world wants a religion that will suit all minds, it is coming. It is scientific,—this call and its response.

The Coming Religion is Coming

Yes, this religion is coming,—this religion that will realize its root in each soul; this religion that will once again bind our hearts in bonds of peace and goodwill. That religion is coming. I am no sensationalist. You have known me. I live in this back part of the world of Los Angeles, I hold my little talk in the "backest" part of my house,—and yet I tell you that this new religion is coming. Why do I say it? Because I have been trying to probe into my mentality and through my mentality I have been trying to catch the vibrations of the universal mind; and these vibrations have told me that this new religion, the religion that is wanted by all soul-hungry souls—even by covered souls—is coming. Yes.

Why It Is Coming

There is another reason why it is coming. Rank materialism, wanton irreligion and dogmatic humbugism have come to such an extreme that their natural reaction has set in; and this reaction will in time—and the time is fast coming—evolve into a concept of life which will appeal to most minds, which will be grasped by most intellects and which will satisfy the average soul; and then materialism will melt under the rays of the light of this new religion; irreligion will vanish and dogma will sneak out in a hurry.

I have said I am no sensationalist. You need not ask from me proof. You can just review calmly the march of events in the world, especially the march of events in the mental world, and you will find that this march of events is tending towards some spiritual goal. All kinds of minds are dissatisfied with the life which they are living. Pleasures are palling upon the palates of cultured minds. The world has for a long time lived upon the skin of life,—upon the veriest surface. Living this life,—the same and same every day, munching the skin and only sucking the little dry juice out of it,—people have become dissatisfied, and the dissatisfaction is now rebellious. They are now demanding to know life; and scientists and agnostics, along with religious people, are all demanding to know what life is. It seems to be to them a make-believe and a mockery. Why is it a make-believe and a mockery?

* Verbatim report of an extempore sermon delivered by Baba Bharati in the Krishna Temple, 730 West Sixteenth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Because man wants happiness. It is the quest of every human being,—happiness; and that happiness they want to be unalloyed, they want it to be enduring, they want it to be all-satisfying; and they are disappointed at every step. Pleasures, if they can buy with their worldly means, do for a time. Then there is a fresh hankering for something more pleasurable. Those that have occupied their minds with higher pleasures, with the pleasures of art and science, even they are dissatisfied.

The Scientist Works with Crude Tools

The scientist is trying to find out the cause of life; and working with his crude tools, material tools, he wants to dive into the spiritual realm. He is trying, as it were, to catch the air with a pair of tongs,—iron tongs. He cannot reach the realm where lies life's spring and source,—the cause.

The materialist has found that pleasure—if he manages to like it—makes his body weak in time. It tells upon his body, wears it out. He wants to know life, to enjoy the same rounds of pleasures, the pleasures that are afforded him, so he also grows a misanthrope. Pleasures may be all right, but he says, as a friend of mine in New York said to me,—a rank materialist—"Pleasures may be all right, but life is too short." He once told me that "The gods,—if you believe in them,—do not run this creation along scientific lines." I said, "How would you like them to run it?" He said, "I don't know. You believe in gods. I don't. But whoever they are who are managing it, I would want them to run this creation on scientific lines." I asked, "What do you mean?" He made answer,—"Oh, look here, I am growing old! I want more life,—more vigor to enjoy this world." Poor man! He was very sincere.

The World Wants to Know Life Better

Yes. All over the world you will hear one cry: to know the mystery of life; one cry,—every day, whether it is pronounced or it is silent,—it is negative, if not positive. There is dissatisfaction in every cultured mind. That positive or negative mind demands to know life better, to know the source of life. And that demand is bringing out this new concept of life. Is it a new concept? No! It is the oldest concept of the world,—of all creation. They have tried the churches and they have tried science, to satisfy that inner craving. They say the churches do not satisfy them,—the creeds of the churches, because they do not help them in their daily life, in their practical life. Then science, they have tried and found it soul-less,—science that came to them so pure, like a pure staid maiden draped in the simplest of clothing,—and they have now found her to be clothed in all the rich panoply of the flit. I'll make it clear. These scientific inventions have only created luxuries of life,—luxuries of the material life, of the surface life that its votaries know. The simple garb is gone and the damsel is sporting in flippant clothes. All are agreed that there is demand to know religion,—true religion. Even scientists are trying to find out a religion,—to make a religion of their discoveries. As I have said, because of this hunger for a universal religion, a religion that will suit all minds, will appeal to all minds, this religion is coming,—forming itself out of the wishes of the whole world, out of the demand of all minds.

This new religion that is coming,—has almost already come. We perceive it not. This new religion that is coming will teach man the real concept of life will teach man what life is in its interior springs and forces. What is our trouble? Our trouble is that we do not know our own life. So much on its surface have we been living that we do not know what it contains within itself. I appeal to you: it is not a meta-

phor,—this skin of life I am talking about, the surface of life I am talking about. Think this moment for a second and you will be satisfied that most of us are living on the surface of life. And what is life? Our life is in our mentality. This body, which we take for our real self, is but an encasement of that mentality. We live in our minds, and even the senses belong to the mind. As I have so many times said, when the mind is absent the operations of the senses are not noted,—the senses are then no good, we then do not know what the senses are enjoying. The mind is absent and we do not know the taste of our food, or see anything that our eyes are looking upon. The mind is absent and everything that the senses experience the mind has not recognized, neither have we recognized. So, we live in our mind. We are identified with our mind.

Man is His Mind

Friends, I am appealing to you this very moment and I challenge anybody to say that he is not living within his mind, has not identified himself with his mind. In most cases, this mind is looking outwards, to the flesh and material things outside of the flesh. This is the surface life I am talking about. Our average mind does not know its own interior, does not know its own forces, its own attributes, its own inner springs. Sometimes these forces manifest themselves and help us when we are in need of them and have concentrated upon some material purpose; they come and help us and we achieve a great triumph,—we solve a problem; but the moment it is solved we forget the forces that came as our help. Our mind is so very much mixed up with external things that we do not know even the *friends* we have within the mind. The friends come and help us and then they are forgotten. When the mind is turned inwards, then we find these forces, these hidden attributes which are all the time within us—uncultivated, and therefore we are not conscious of them.

Mind's Inner Law is Life

The new religion will shed its search-light upon this mind, will shed its X-Ray light into its interior; and then by this powerful X-Ray light man will see the principles, the inner laws of mind, and trace these principles to the bottom and find that one grand principle out of which all these principles have sprung, and will see the foundation of all life. Because, mind is life; and knowing the bottom of the mind, the source of the mind, the foundation of the mind, is knowing life; and the moment the mind with its internal gaze will find this foundation of life,—the thing that we call soul, the thing that Hindoos call *atman*, then it will know life from its source.

When this mind will know life in its source, then it will conduct itself more harmoniously. Then this mind's forces—once you know them—will grip all the springs and forces of your mind, of your outer mind, and move them into action. To know the inner laws of life is to be guided by them. The moment you see these inner laws of life then they will grip the forces of your mind, the undisciplined forces which have been causing so much trouble to you, and they will move them into right action. Then, by that search-light, by that X-Ray, you will find that the soul—that is the first principle of life—is the soul of the universe, is the soul of all creation, of all life, and even of what seems to be non-living matter. The moment our mind delves into the soul-realm, the moment our mind cognizes the soul, then it will absorb the vibrations of the soul, the essence of the soul, and the soul will shed its light across the mind and illumine it; and then our life from that instant will be another than the life that it was before this knowledge came,—before this vision of the soul blessed us.

The new religion will be a religion of discoveries of life, will be a

religion that will expose life to its bottom and when we have seen the exposure, when we have witnessed the grandeurs and the miracles of the mind's inner phenomena, then we will know what religion is; then we'll find out that all the fuss and noise that is made about religion, all the huge complexity that religion is declared to be made of, all the dogmas and metaphysics that are put forward in the name of religion have been but so many impediments to our knowing what religion is, knowing the true religion.

Knowledge of Life is Religion

Then we'll know that life in its source, the knowledge of life to its source, is religion; and that religious life is but living in harmony with the inner laws of life, with the inner laws of the mind, the inner laws that operate by the force of the soul. That is religion. The knowledge of life is religion—the knowledge of our individual life is religion.

Then man, when he has dived into that soul, will find his God. He will find that this very soul that he has been talking so much about before without knowing what it is, this soul that he has heard so much about, is a reality: is Lord God himself. Why, Lord? Because it is the source of all life; it is the foundation principle of all the principles. It is the pedestal upon which everything exists. And why is it God? Because it is good; that which is hidden, that which is mysterious. The Lord God is therefore hidden and mysterious: the most humble, because it is back of everything, never manifesting itself though it is sustaining everything, pervading everything; operating behind everything, and yet it is invisible to the physical eye. Hence it is humble. This light that may be shed upon the inner workings of the mind will reveal to us the mysteries of the soul-realm, the powers of the soul-realm, and the energy of the soul-realm, *love*,—the attribute of the soul. To grow in religion is to analyze mentality. When we have analyzed mentality and have found the foundation principle of our mentality, then we have found God. That God is the inmost principle of this life. Love is that God,—the all-prevading love, of which this creation is but a bubble.

You Cannot Know Man Without Knowing Yourself

The World's Coming Religion, this religion that I am talking about, will make men know each other better. You cannot know your brother man without knowing yourself. If you know yourself, the interior workings and principles of your mind, then you find that the same principles are the composing principles of your brother man's mind. And when you find that the foundation principle, the soul, is the soul of the universe, the universal soul of which these individual souls are but so many waves, as it were, of the vast ocean,—when you know that, you cannot but love all that has sprung out of that one soul. Then you will love your brother man with the same love that you love yourself, that you have hitherto loved yourself. You will take the same interest in others as you have hitherto taken in your individual existence.

The Claims and Pretensions of Christianity

This talk about Christianity being "the only religion," "only great and true religion that has come to the world," will not hold water, as it has not done. Christ Jesus suffered himself to be crucified and tortured so that he could show to the world that under such inhuman, unheard-of tortures he could love God and man still; he showed it by appealing to his Beloved, to his God, to forgive them because they knew not what they did,—his enemies, his worst enemies, his hellish tormentors; but in the name of Christ many crusades have been led, many thousands and millions of lives have been destroyed; many human lives, even in this country as well as in others, have been burned alive,—all

in the name of Jesus, the Prince of Peace, He who has rightly earned that name by keeping peace even when he was being done to death with the greatest tortures. He not only forgave his enemies, as he preached, giving his life; but he asked his God, whose Son he claimed to be, to forgive them; and his so-called adherents only took his name,—the name of that man, the incarnation of peace and love,—to carry fire and death into the countries of those who were not Christians. They wanted to have vengeance there. They avenged the death of the martyr, the death of the apostle of love, the manifestation of love, who forgave the world not only but suffered to be crucified, exhibiting this love so that future humanity would think of his love,—his limitless love that stopped at nothing,—and would emulate his example, would try to love God and man as he did.

Now, such "muscular Christianity" will not do. It can never form a world-religion. Neither did Mohammedanism succeed,—with the Koran in the one hand and the sword in the other. "Accept this Koran or your head is off!" Thousands and millions have been made Mohammedans by force of arms and torture and oppression. Did it succeed? No! Are the so-called Christians succeeding,—the Christians that go to the East now with the standard of Jesus Christ hoisting high, the cross of Jesus Christ, that emblem of peace, love and goodwill on earth? They go there opening the country with guns,—the missionaries are the forerunners. It may be fair, if you want to wage war against people for your own material aggrandizement; it may be a way: but why take the name of Jesus of Nazareth,—the one that brought peace on earth and goodwill to mankind,—whose very name once uttered in your mouth will take away all grossness out of you; the name which once uttered in love to even these so-called "heathens" will not only humanize them but make them humble devotees of his church?

No. The new religion will not be Christianity, neither Mohammedanism, or any other *ism* that in the name of God and love and meekness and so-called humility has oppressed the world, has taken religion out of the minds of men.

Man is Divine at Bottom

The new religion that all men want must be a bringer of peace, of harmony, of love; a religion that will explore the intricacies, the inner workings of life; will explore the hidden mysteries of life and reveal the god in man. That religion by its light would show that man is not a sinner by birth. It will show quite otherwise. It will show that man is essentially divine; that man is divine at bottom; that man is not a sinner, at bottom. Man is his soul, and that soul is a divine spark. Because the outer mind of man does not look in and does not see the bottom of his mind, he transgresses, he goes a wrong path. Therefore he does not know what is the right path,—what is wrong and what is right. Therefore his development is retarded,—the development that will evolve out of him the real man; for the human and the divine are the same,—if the human knows he is his soul.

Trying to convert men by the fear of God, of God's punishment, is a poor attempt, a wrong attempt, to uplift man. We can never love a thing which we fear. To place God somewhere up over the clouds, is another wrong preaching. God is within, said Jesus of Nazareth. "The Kingdom of God is within" us and the kingdom of God is our soul.

Religion is the Source and Guide of Our Daily Life

The new religion will be serviceable to us in every walk of life and every step of life. Churchianity has narrowed down Christ's Christianity so much that we think that religious life is apart from our daily practical life. No. A religion, if it is within us,—if its source is the

inmost source of our being, the inmost principle of our being,—guides us in every step of our every-day life. Once we know what we are, what our mind is, what our soul is—once we get grip of this God that is within us—that God within us—the soul—will tell us by its instincts how to walk, how to talk, how to eat, how to sleep, how to spend every hour of the day and night. It will regulate our every step of life. The moment we awake in our bed it will tell us,—tell us to remember life's goal. Then it will tell us how to purify our body, so that the mind will also partake of the purity; it will tell us how to purify our mind, so that our body may be purified by its vibrations. It will tell us what to eat and what not to eat.

How Religion Includes Our Food

The religion that is prevailing in the West, this churchianity,—not Christianity, you must understand—has taught us that food has nothing to do with religion. I say it has *everything* to do with religion. What we eat turns into blood and blood turns into force and force of the body mingle with the forces of the mind; and if we have eaten anything which is inharmonious, anything which has attributes which are not harmonious with the attributes of the mind, then the food will hurt us. That food will turn into blood and blood will turn into forces and those physical forces will mingle with the forces of the mind and muddle not only the forces of the mind but also create revolution, put the forces of the mind out of equipoise, out of harmony, and we will suffer. We will be irreligious,—filled with anger, filled with greed, filled with envy, filled with jealousy,—and all other dark attributes of the undisciplined mind. This new religion will teach us, even, how to eat, what to eat and what not to eat. Those foods will be our foods which will help us in creating harmony of mind. Those foods which will injure that harmony, which will disturb that harmony, we will avoid. As the body has such close relation to the mind, so our food which makes the body has the closest relation to the mind and, therefore, to religion.

Thoughts are the Mind's Food

The new religion will teach us how to talk, will teach us what to read, will teach us what thoughts to think. Thoughts are food for the mind, as material food is food for our body. We must not swallow thoughts,—if I can so say,—we must not think thoughts which will create revolution in the mind, which will make the mind's forces inharmonious, disturbed. Once we know life and its inner forces and its inner principles and laws, we will know by instinct, it will be revealed to us, what to do and what not to do: how to conduct ourselves and how not to conduct ourselves. The instincts of the soul will tell us.

That is the religion that the world wants, the religion that will reveal life to ourselves and by the revelation will give us knowledge of our conduct,—of what habits to form and what not to form; how to conduct ourselves in life, not only, but how to live within ourselves daily so that we will absorb the harmony that is within us and act harmoniously to others.

The New Religion Will Teach Us to Worship the Past

This new materialism, and this materialized Christianity, has also taught us that our forefathers were savages or semi-civilized,—that we are much more enlightened or cultured than they were, that we are in the van of progress, the consciousness of the past was inferior to ours. The new religion by shedding light within ourselves will show that we are but the manifestation of the past; that every man is the manifestation of his past,—of his own past and the past of his generation. It will rationally link us, our mind, with the past, so that all the

harmonious forces of the past, attributes of the past, that mind will absorb and will thereby enrich itself, so that with the help of these attributes of the past and the forces that we will acquire, we will look to the future with hope,—hope for perfection. To cut out the past from your consciousness is a worse suicide than any physical suicide. You are a fruit, as it were, on the tree called the past. If you cut yourself off, cut off all connection with the past, you are, as it were, a flower or fruit cut off, taken out of the tree and you will be deprived of the sustenance which the tree absorbs from the earth.

Man is a Man in Spite of Difference in Food and Dress

This new religion will teach us that man is man, in spite of his dress; that man is man, in spite of the food that he eats. If he doesn't dress like us, it is no reason that he is not civilized as we are; if he doesn't eat the same food and eat it in the same fashion that we do, that is no reason that he is not civilized as we are. It will teach us that man's skin, if it is white, it is merely snow-bleached; if it is brown, it is browned by the sun; if his cheeks are flat, it is due to the conditions of his life and the climate and his habits. 'Twill teach us that man is his mind, and the manifestations of his mind we have to judge him by. If we want to know what sort of a man he is, we must know by the manifestations of his mind—in his conduct, in his speech, in his life,—in the life that he lives. We see a Chinaman and because he wears what you have been pleased to call a pigtail you think that he is many notches below you in civilization; and yet, this Chinaman, when he comes to your country and becomes your servant—a cook or a menial servant—he shows the wonderful attributes of his mind: he shows his honesty, he shows his kindness, his affection,—he shows qualities which your white servants do not possess; he shows his humility; he shows his trustworthiness and he shows his faithfulness to his master. How many white servants have you like the Chinaman in this whole America? Can you say one in a thousand? No. I have seen your countrymen, from coast to coast, and I have not seen a single white servant in America who can be called a servant. You try, or affect to be very generous and magnanimous, and you sometimes say, "Don't call anybody servant." You affect to put everybody on the same level with you. What humbugs you are!—when it comes to giving him the same privileges as you enjoy. You call him a servant then or treat him as a servant.

It is the Servant that Becomes the Master

"Servant" is no mean word. It is the servant that becomes the master. It is the servant of God, Jesus Christ, that has become the Master of men. The servant, if he does his duties rightly, conscientiously; if he does all his duties conscientiously and properly, humbly,—that servant's mind is disciplined. The disciplined mind is the greatest mind, of which the great illustration is the mind of Jesus of Nazareth, whom you all worship and the world worships. To be a master, become a servant first. In India it is the disciple that becomes the gooroo. One who cannot be a chela or a disciple, has not been able to serve his gooroo or his master with humility, with all the good qualities that his master inculcates in him, is driven out. He can never become a gooroo, a teacher of the spiritual love.

Here this Chinaman comes,—you call him "Chink," you call him what names you like,—because you do not like his "pigtail," his flat cheeks, his dress; but he shows to you that in many respects he has better qualities than most of you have,—and in many respects you may be superior to him.

The coming religion will reveal knowledge for the study of human

characters; it will reveal the soul-light by which you can look at man and enjoy him; that soul-light will reveal to you the attributes of that mind;—and if the attributes are harmonious, are good, the attributes are peaceful, the attributes are full of love, then you can not but call him a good man, a superior man, a cultured man, despite his dress, despite his manner to you, despite his skin.

National Snobbery

I have in my magazine for this issue, February, written an article on National Snobbery. I hope you will all read it if you can. I have shown people of this West, this America,—the people I love most of all Western peoples, the people who alone can assimilate readily the old ideas of the world, which are going to be the future ideas of all lands,—have shown them the cause of national snobbery. The cause of national snobbery is ignorance,—ignorance of life, ignorance of this mind's inner laws. I have been talking to you long that ignorance breeds conceit and conceit becomes incrustated as snobbery.

This new religion will evolve its central fleshly figure, its central fleshly force. This new religion in time, this coming religion, will evolve its messenger, its most powerful exponent. This new religion will evolve the Savior of matter-deadened man and this Savior will be loved by everybody, because he will be filled with love,—the love that is limitless, the love that sweeps before it all hate and all that is unlike it. This new Savior will come to fulfill all the promises of past Saviors. This new Savior will embody in his personality and in his individuality all the foregoing great incarnations and prophets:—he will be Christ, he will be Mohammed, he will be Zoroaster, he will be Buddha, he will be Krishna, all in one. He will sum up the essence of the teachings of all these prophets and incarnations of God, the essence that is summed up in that one word,—*love*, the source and sustenance of life, the love that is the greatest dynamic force of the world.

THREE SONGS

BY EMMA TAYLOR

Youth took up the harp of life in joy;
And swept its chords with passion deep and strong.
In vibrant tones it echoed loud and long,
Attuned to soul that could alone see clear
Visions of earthly pleasure in our sojourn here.

Manhood took up the harp of life in might;
And smote its chords with notes of war and strife,
Sorrow and pain, and ceaseless struggles, rife
His song with minor strains, and measure wild and broken;
And in it was the word of life unspoken.

Love took up the harp of life in power;
And woke in ecstasy a deathless strain,
Whose golden cadence drowned the voice of pain.
Then as her fingers swept the chords benignly,
The freed soul sang the song of life divinely.

THE MIGHT OF THE MIKADO

BY BABA BHARATI

THE might of the Mikado is not like the might of any modern monarch of Europe or of any president of modern republics, for the power of the modern European monarch is based upon hereditary rights sanctioned by the majority of the people. The Czar of all the Russias is said to be the greatest autocratic monarch of the world at the present moment, but it is an autocracy as hollow as it is void of any foundation. He is finding it out now. A few years more and the autocracy of czardom will have to bow low to the pleasure of democracy. The British puppet is already a pensioned protégé whose regalia is becoming more and more dependent upon the interested recognition and support of a tottering peerage and the fad of "society." The Kaiser's position is better for the moment than that of the shaking Czar and the figurehead of British oligarchy, because the Kaiser is more heedful of the dangers of a modern European throne and plays his cards accordingly, conciliating the mob with intelligent administration. The rest of the European monarchs are being supported more by comparatively undisturbed old-world groove of thought in which their subjects' minds are still running than by the dint of any distinctive virtue or capacity of their own.

The only monarch of Europe who, had it not been for the intense jealousies of the terrified hereditary, hallow monarchs of Europe, could have in time founded a sovereignty based on the solid affection and sincere approbation of his people, was the Corsican soldier of fortune, the all-sided genius, the mystery of whose power the Western thinkers of our day are attempting to unravel. If the bitter enmities and conjoined armies of the nations had not been so menacingly arrayed against him all the while as to necessitate his sallying forth from France to crush them, he would have afforded to the West the most luminous example of a monarch who lived for the people and whose people lived for him. Napoleon Bonaparte may have exhibited many failings in his conduct as a man, but they were almost all of them mainly due to the circumstances which raged around him and which it was impossible for him to overcome except by force of arms.

The might of the Mikado is the might of the old-world Oriental sovereign. The might of the Mikado can only be likened to the might of a king of old India. The might of the Mikado is as yet a mystery to all Westerners, despite all its undreamt of demonstrations in the late war, and it will remain a mystery until even greater demonstrations in the near future unveil it to the astonished gaze of the whole world. Even the Mikado is only half conscious of his own might. If it were not so he could not be chosen as its instrument, and he is almost unconscious as yet of its mystery. All the same the force of that mystery is functioning through him all the time and will impel him to father all the daring deeds whose lustre will fade out all the records of modern exploits of so-called history of the spiritually ignorant West of our day.

The might of the Mikado is entirely unlike the physical might of all Western monarchs and rulers of the present world. It is absolutely moral, it is psychological, nay, it is spiritual. It was this moral might which was back of all the achievements in the fields of Manchuria. It is this moral might which forced all the unheard of success in the Japanese struggle against Russia. This moral might of the Mikado's men and advisers was mainly born of their psychological belief in the Mikado's valiant ancestors and their own. Futhermore, it was tremendously supported by the spirit of the homage which the Japanese people feel

for the sacred personality of their King. They know him to be heaven-born. Westerners may laugh at the claim, but that laugh is ridiculously foolish in the face of the Japanese belief in it. The claim may be nothing, but the belief in it is everything; it is not the claim but the belief that counts. The Mikado's people believe him to be a descendant of any ancestor born of the Sun-god, a belief fostered and consolidated through countless generations. It is born in their blood, it is bred in their bones. It is a belief as old as the history of the world, as old as the Solar Race of Hindoo Kings, of whom the Mikado seems to be a strayed descendant. Indeed the proof appears to be indisputable. The Japanese tradition that their Kings are either born of the sun-mother or the moon-mother, corresponds entirely to the Hindoo history of the solar and lunar races of Rajput kings. Again, King Ram Chandra, born in the line of the solar race, was an incarnation of Vishnoo (God). Hence, his descendant at the present day, the Mahârânâ of Udaipur, is worshipped in India because of his divine pedigree. If the Mikado's ancestors were an offshoot of the line of Râm, as they appear to be according to the Japanese tradition, the homage paid to him by his people is not only deserved but soul-felt.

And this soul-felt homage is the greatest and most sincere homage in the world; it is an all-surrendering homage whose force is spiritual, and this spiritual force cannot fail to fill its object with its substance and magnetism. The Mikado's millions of subjects contemplating him with such concentrated divine homage have no doubt filled him with the blessings of its power and illumination which constitute his might. Where is the King or the ruler the world over to parallel the example of the Mikado? Whether this is a true or an exaggerated estimate of the Japanese Emperor, Time, in less than a decade, will show; and the Powers and the peoples who, still drunk with conceit, are now thinking that their concerted action will any day reduce the Japanese people and their Emperor to their former position in the "scale of nations" will find themselves some day stunned out of their delusion by being hurled out of all Asia by this mysterious moral and spiritual might of the Mikado.

THE BEACON-LIGHTS OF HEAVEN

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

"But the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works." John 14:10.

Thus spoke one whose illumination was as a light from the sun. Thus spoke one who exhibited in word, thought, deed and action the qualities which are attributed to God. Thus spoke one who knew not his body, his mind or his life, only inasmuch as that body, mind and life reflected the Father. Thus spoke one who was but an instrument for his Father to play on, a channel for that Father to manifest Himself, a mirror which reflected the Godhead and all that that Godhead was. Thus spoke he, the Jesus of Nazareth, the lover of mankind, who thought it nothing to give up his body to show unto his brethren the nothingness of the flesh and the glorious permanence of the soul which is God. His walking upon earth, his talking to man, were but the moving of the spirit and the voicing of the words that were the sound-potencies that revealed the law of the Spirit, God. From youth Jesus spoke only the words that revealed the law of God, he did only the deeds that were the will of God, he lived only the life that was the command of God.

Nor was this so with Jesus Christ only. So it was with the Saviours and Masters, teachers, prophets and saints that walked the earth to bless it by their being, before and after him, and so it must be with you and me if we wish to have the mind that was in Jesus Christ and also in

them. Opening ourselves to become the organs through which Divinity may manifest itself is simply knowing ourselves to be the members of the body of Him who is God. It means the realization of our sonship with Him and kinship with the throbbing hearts of all brotherhood of mankind, nay, it is the recognition of relationship with all that breathes and grows in the worlds. It means that the creatures on earth, the four-footed ones and the crawling ones, the feathered and furred, those that are one with fungus plant and those that burrow under the earth, are interlocked in the great plan of which we are one. It means that we are allied with the hosts of Heaven, with the angels and archangels, the saints and the luminous ones; it means that there is naught between the bowels of the lowest hell and the deeps of the highest Heaven that is not coupled to us by the chain of birth, forged to the links of the love that is creative, the love that is God. It means that all these lives we know to be of the One Parent, that we are the brother of each and all, that in every act of ours we are responsible to this great life-chain; it means that every thought and impulse of ours must more or less affect these our brothers. It means that if we know ourselves to be the channels of God that we will love as He does each atom of life that is from Him; it means that we will, in our own way, be saviours of each and every atom that comes in contact with us, because He, working through us, must forever love and aid His own creation. It means that the flow of goodwill, service charity, honesty, justice, might, hope and love must issue from us; that selfishness and self-seeking can never for an instant have a place in our heart; that hardness, injustice, cruelty, dishonor, will never find a lodging-place in our breast, for these things are not from God, hence cannot pour themselves through you and me who have become channels for the Father who worketh through us and alone doth rule our acts.

This recognition of the at-one-ment with God and the creation of God was the authority with which Jesus Christ spoke the words, proven by himself, that woke the slumbering hearts of his hearers and still echo through the world, new, fresh and clear and ringing as when they first fell from his lips. This it was that led the prophets into the land of the enemy to fearlessly foretell the prophesy for which they were put to death; this it was that led the saints of the early Christian era to face the burning stake or the roaring lion rather than silence the words that rang through them in sound even as the breath of the trumpeter issues forth in a blare of music. This it was that impelled the child saviour of France, the glorious Joan of Arc, to take up the sword she had never even seen and rush forth into the heat of battle to paralyze the enemy and lead oft-defeated France into victories unheard of before; this it was that sustained her, mute and wide-eyed, when the flame turned to a crisp the dainty, pure and brave body of the child hero who was but a channel for the will of God to work through. It was this that made Milton conversant with the hosts of Heaven and the powers of Hell; it was this that allowed Dante to enter the lower regions or Purgatory and listen to the tales of those who dwelt there. It was this that Shakespeare grasped when he takes the passions and loves, the hates and sufferings of the human heart, and plays upon them until they give forth the strains to which they vibrate. It is this that permits the sages and seers to delve into the ages long past and bring therefrom the record that Time has writ in space; it is this that urges the prophet to reach into the future and pluck therefrom the things that are to be, the universal events to come, those that are recorded in the never-erasable ether and must be fulfilled.

All the books that have come down to mankind, the books by which man lives, the books that hold within them the bread of life, the breath

of the body, are but the tracings of God Himself through the hand of man. Those who have been blessed enough to open the mind to the divine influx that is ever about them, those who have been the fortunate ones that have waited for that never-ceasing flow to come through them, they have known the truth of their relationship with God, they have known themselves bound to Him and to all life with the spiritual cords than can never be severed from their source whether one is conscious or not that such cords exist. Those who have recognized that, have been the ones who have spoken with authority because their Source was authoritative. It mattered nothing to them whether the world censured or approved, their attitude was approved by God, nay, their attitude was from God and they recognized only God in the thoughts that bubbled their joyous reality into song and shot like meteors through the darkened firmament of the mental world.

In our own everyday world we meet those same channels of God, those same avatars of the everyday type, those who know not a self apart from the lives of their fellowmen, those who live in harmony with all the throbbing life about them, those who shed the glory of true living into that endless chain of vitality that is known as humanity and send through it the vibrations of spiritual strength and peace and love that revolutionize the daily life of sordid self-seeking and lift it into a plane where selfishness is set forth in all its lifelessness and the deeds of kindness and service are viewed as the stars in the mantled heavens. These, too, are but reflecting the qualities of God; these, too, have opened themselves for the rarified breath of God to breathe through them; these have felt the hand of the Father upon their heads and His kiss upon their hearts; these have had the glorified moments when the nearness of God was before their vision and His blessing was even as a personality in their hearts.

Ofttimes you see it in a child, a little one of whom Jesus spoke, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Who has not looked into the clear, still eyes of the little sage of life and read therein the slokas that are burning in fires of truth within the kingdom of Heaven? Who has not looked at the wistful appeal that looks from out the eye of such a child upon the world in mute questioning as to why the inharmony of living exists when the life of harmony can be had without the weary strivings that act and counteract one another at every step of the way. The little heart, pure from the impurities of earth, sees how much easier it is to traverse the straight path and leave the crooked; this little body, which encases a spirit centuries old, recognizes the wisdom of one and the folly of the other, and with unabashed, interrogating eyes gazes into our world of shows until, wavering and afraid, we hide the truth behind a curtain of gilded platitudes and call the existing conditions the will of God. But the little one knows that it is not the will of God, it knows from the memories of a life that somewhere was lived and understood that the will of God is an exquisite harmony, a continuous shower of blessings. So they turn away from man's living and go to Nature's; the gold of the sun is their's to sing to, the blue of the violet is their's to imagine over, yea, the world of flowers and trees and plants, the people that are four-footed and of feathered and furred garments, are their's to build their play-castles about. Nature, true ever to the law of God, is the play-house of the child whose clear gaze has looked upon the world of man and found it wanting.

Yea, the pure in heart, man or woman or child, they that shall see God, they that are seeing God, knowing God, feeling God and that are with God—they are the channels through which His divinity manifest itself, through which His creatorship functions, out of which His great eye peers and into which His spirit flows. They are ever under the

shadow of His mighty wing, close to the brooding of His infinite breast. Their gifts to the world are the benedictions of His glorious blessing, and the outpouring of themselves unto emptiness to others is but the rich privilege of opening the doors of their soul to the unending stream of love that is without stint or stoppage to him who receiveth but to give again unto another. These embodiments of love, these thoughts of God, these throbs of His infinite goodness unto man—they are His special beacon-lights by which man may view the way that leads to the Kingdom of Heaven, the Heaven that is but the awakening of the angel within him who, though flesh-clothed, gazes wistfully out of each created being and needs only one touch of love-light to mount to the throne of sovereignty and, forever sceptered and crowned, rule the province to which God the Father has made him forever heir.

VEDIC SEED-THOUGHTS

BY BISHWARUP CHATURVEDI.

Quick (may) my body (be); than honey sweeter (may) my tongue (become); with ears may I abundantly give ear! Thou art the veil of God, in wisdom hid; guard thou what I have learned—Taittiriopanishad, Part 1, Sutra 4.

THAT WHICH quickeneth the universe, that it is which maketh man quick. Man is but the universe in miniature, and all that vibrates in him vibrates also in it; the law which governs the one is the law which governs the other. That life in man and that life in Nature that changes not, that knows not decay and death, that which is the permanent quality in both—that is the quickening that hath ever been and shall be, that is the eternal isness of life, the be-all and the end-all of the Now. That it is for which no future is, and a past it has not known, for the past it has swallowed in its passing, and the future it speweth forth in its going.

He who knows this to be the quick of himself, he knows, too, that shadows are sustained by suns and darkness shows the radiance of light. He knows the season's coming and its flight; the laws that work in the bowels of nature and that make the planets to move are of his knowledge and he vibrates to the working of the same. He is coupled to each atom in the universe and throbs and pulsates to the operation of each, and contracts with its outbreathing and expands with its inbreathing. He partakes of its potentialities and gives of his potencies again, he is quickened by the soul that permeates all and he recognizes that quickening.

He knows what the quick of life is and lends himself to partake thereof; he bathes therein and his body dips in the radiance of the quickening that his soul has found at the Source of existence. The taste of his being has become as honey unto his tongue and his ears have become aware of the hymn of life. The words of the laws of the Eternal are clear to him and his ears have also caught the whisperings of the elements as they obey those laws. His eyes behold the glory of the law and order of the worlds everlasting creation, and his senses are made alive to the never ending excellence of its harmony, for he has rent aside the veil that is in wisdom hid and he has looked upon the face of God whereon is writ the laws of man and of the universe, and who doth dwell within that quick of which He is the Source and Cause.

THE EASTERNIZATION OF THE WEST

BY ADELIA BEE ADAMS

A FEW years ago citizens of the West—especially of America—knew nothing of the peoples of the Orient. And, considering the modern facilities for travel and research, our knowledge is still astonishingly limited. Many Westerners still have a hazy belief that the many millions of people who form the native populations of the Orient are benighted and idol-worshipping "heathen." This belief has been kept alive by reports of "missionaries," and by a few historians who, with criminal ignorance of their subject, have published statements based upon such reports, evidently without first taking the trouble to verify them. Is it strange that, having been given such a character, the peoples of the East have built a fence of sacred reserve around their domestic and religious lives? Upon this native conservatism we have overlaid a crust of bigoted indifference, making a double wall that has been almost impregnable from either side. But the wedge has been inserted that is to lay this crust wide open, so that we of the West may have a broader view of the real lives of our brothers of the East. Already the wedge has gone beyond the "thin edge." It has received some firm blows by occasional patient Western investigators. Then, recently, there have come to us a few Oriental philosophers, who, by their wonderful learning, their unaffected sincerity and sweetness of character, and above all, their undoubted spiritual illumination, have impressed upon people who use their "thinkers" the conception that perhaps, "after all," the East may have something to teach the West. The Russo-Japanese war, watched with so much interest by the whole world, seems almost to have given the final impetus to the wedge, opening to Western view, as it has done, the high state of civilization of the Japanese.

To all who have been privileged to personally know the few Hindu "preachers" who, during recent years, have visited England and America, must have come the query: "Is not a nation that is capable of producing such men capable of self-government?" Also to many, listening to the logic of these Oriental philosophers, or reading their brilliant contributions to our literature, must have come the question: "What can the eighteen-and-twenty-year old *girls and boys* we have been sending to India as "missionaries" have to teach, to a people who have *such* men as these among them?"

It is only by sympathetic investigation of the religious ideals of a people that we can come into real affiliation with them; and there seems to be a tendency, here in America at least, towards such honest investigation of Oriental ideals; and a responsive tendency in the East—especially India—to show her inmost heart to the peoples of the West. The glimpses we are getting of her spiritual life, as well as the knowledge of her oppressed and suffering condition, are rapidly dissolving old prejudices, and we are beginning to look towards the East with sympathetic eyes, and more liberal minds that put us in a receptive mood for whatever good her people have to offer us. Our best magazines are giving much space to just and liberal comments regarding the customs, religion, and politics of Oriental peoples—while the Orientals—though refusing to eagerly absorb the somewhat hazy religious doctrines of our missionaries as embodying the *all* of religion—are showing a lively interest in our material affairs; keeping in close touch with our current literature.

In the December number of the *Indian Review*—a magazine equal in every way to any published in England or America—are several articles anent people and things American; among them an appreciative quotation, from *Everybody's Magazine*, of Charles Edward Russell's discussion of "Famines in India." People in this country who have thoughtlessly accepted the statements frequently made by others equally

thoughtless, that the terrible conditions under which the masses in India are suffering are due to the caste system, may learn from reading this article by an American that perhaps these conditions are chiefly due to the oppression of a Christian Government. Following are extracts from Mr. Russell's article:

"From the poorer elements among these people is wrung every year the heaviest proportionate taxation known on this earth. A system of land tenure and land taxation conceived by savages and formulated by homicidal maniacs, a system that throws the heaviest burden upon those least able to bear it, has been largely responsible for India's unparalleled famine record of 28,000,000 deaths in one hundred and fifty years. Famine in India does not signify merely that a great many people have insufficient food and must be helped, for that is the normal condition. It means that . . . literally millions of men, women, and little children will perish with the prolonged agonies of starvation, that the dead will cumber the streets of villages, that there will not be enough living to give them burial, that the crows and kites and vultures will not be enough to devour them."

"That in the heart of civilization, in the twentieth century, under a humane, enlightened and Christian Government, 8,000,000 people should perish in a year from lack of food is the strangest and most humiliating fact of which we have record."

In the same number of the *Indian Review* are excerpts from an article by James Cassidy, in *East and West*, containing suggestions for promoting social intercourse and better understanding generally between the Indians and Anglo-Indians. He says:

"The young men who go out to India must be taught to behave as gentlemen to the Indians, and a fair amount of knowledge about the manners and customs of the people of India should be made compulsory." He suggests: (1) "A broader sympathy. (2) Acquaintance with the language of the country. (3) A humble and sincere desire to learn from native Indians the best they can teach. (4) A hearty recognition of brotherhood of the common wants of a common humanity, and the banishment of the spirit of inflated pride, whether of religion, race, color, or nationality."

That such sentiments are being enunciated by Westerners everywhere, and that the philosophical doctrines of the Eastern savants who have visited the West are being thoughtfully considered and adopted by a great many Western people, who recognize the fact that in adopting the broader ideals of the older nations we need not discard those we already have—is surely an indication of the future Easternization of the West, and, let us hope, of the ultimate recognition of the essential brotherhood of man, over all the earth, not only after all men shall have become "Christianized", but because all men, being emanations from one God, are also ONE.

Now guarded he shall be, all wisdom shall be his, none shall he lose, for he doth know the One who makes and crowns all wisdom, Linked is he to Him, coupled is he to Him, partaker is he of Him; his inhaling and exhalation are in His presence and of His presence, and he shall sway with the Word as doth the leaf sway with the branch and the body's members with the whole. But it shall bring no wonder unto him, for the taste of wisdom shall be sweet on his tongue, and the whisperings of Nature's harmonies shall be pleasant to his ear, his senses shall be satisfied, a peace shall compass him about, and a love canopy him above and uphold him below, and its security shall be as a hedge, for he, having looked on the Face, shall know it is Love and having known the Word shall know it sweet.

JIM

An Anglo-Indian Romance Founded on Real Facts

BY BABA BHARATI.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Jim, an English regimental officer of India has lost his way in a jungle while hunting. He meets a yogi whom he threatens to shoot, at the latter's refusal to give him a drink of water. On aiming, he finds himself suddenly rooted to the spot by the eyes of the yogi. Wonder taking place of anger, he drops his gun and is advised by the yogi to look behind him. He sees a lake where before was a forest of trees. Quenching his thirst, he retreats only to see the lake disappear once more.

Turning to the side of the yogi, Jim experienced a strange spiritual awakening and becomes possessed of a determination to follow the holy one as a disciple. The yogi discourages this project and Jim returns to the world, his wife and child only to gain his wife's consent and rejoin the yogi again.

By some mysterious thought process the yogi has anticipated this step and provided a disciple to escort Jim to his monastery in the jungle where Jim was to meet his yogi Gooroo.

The science of Gooroo and disciple in relation to God and man is borne in upon him, and the veil which hangs between the universe and its laws, the soul and the senses, is lifted, and for a little Jim views Eternity.

On the night of Jim's departure from home Elizabeth, all unconscious of his flight, has a perplexing dream but ere she has time to recover fully from its effects, a letter is brought to her from Jim telling her of the step he has taken, bidding her return to her mother and advising her of his plans for the future.

A year or so later finds Jim undergoing the most difficult ordeal known to the Yoga practices—the fiery ordeal, or purification by fire and sun. Then he sets out on a tour round India by the command of his gooroo.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JIM and Shânt Dâs stood within the holy of holies of Benares, trying to save their physical selves from being crushed by the fervency of Shiva's votaries. Shânt Dâs had taken Jim from the ghâts to the Temple of Bishweshwar—the Lord of the World—Shiva, the Destroyer of Evil. They were trying to reach the stone symbol, the world-old lingam, the emblem of creative energy, in order to touch it to absorb its concentrated magnetism. But thousands were pressing and elbowing each other to touch it too, their faces alight with the fervor of their hearts. The room was about sixteen feet square, and yet it had a jammed mass of fifty human beings, all through the morning hours, swaying from side to side, trying to reach the shrine, men and women, old and young, pressing one another with desperate enthusiasm to have a touch of the Divine Spirit embodied in stone. Outside the holy of holies were verandas all round as densely packed with devotees; so were the court-yards below and annexes of the Central Temple—thousands on thousands, thousands coming in and thousands going out, all filled with a devotion that knows not the outside world.

Jim and Shânt Dâs at last found their way to the edge of the shrine and poured Ganges water from their kamandals upon the head of the emblem, as all the others were doing, and touched it and their foreheads three times, as all the others did. Densely alive with the spirit of holy fervency, the room resounded with soul-felt prayers and lusty shouts of "Hara Hara Bishweshwara! Hara Hara Bôm Bôm!" Elbowing their way out of the Temple into the lane, Jim found that the elbowing business was not yet over. The lane leading to and the lanes nearabout the Temple were closely packed with moving masses of ardent worship-

pers. Some of them looked at Jim and his companion now and then and wondered who they were, but they all saluted them with "Namo Nārāyana!" to which Jim and his companion bowed in benediction, though Jim only followed his companion's movements mechanically. Jim was thinking all the time, thinking of these wonderfully spiritual people whose very touch and whose very look filled him with holy vibrations. He looked at them all with homage in his heart. This then, he was saying within himself, is the real Benares, the holy city of the Hindoos, at which the Europeans look with disgust, and about which Christian missionaries write with such horror. Oh, what senseless conceit, what arrant blasphemy! Absorbed in his indignant philosophizing, Jim was moving straight in front of him, but Shānt Dās caught his hand and said, "Let us go in here."

They entered a two-storied house, the entrance of which led to a large court-yard flanked by two spacious verandas, and in the rear of which was a still more spacious double hall supported by Gothic arches and stone pillars, broad stone steps leading up to its high landing. As soon as Jim and Shānt Dās entered the court-yard, the master of the house, a venerable old man, draped up to the waist in a white cloth and from the waist up all bare to the skin, came running from the left veranda and prostrated himself before them. Shānt Dās held forward his right palm in benediction, and when the master of the house had risen to his feet, he asked him in his tender, musical voice his health:

"Girish Baboo, tum kaisé ho?—How are you, Girish Baboo?"

With folded hands and face beaming with joy, Girish Baboo replied:

"Api kâ kripâ sé sab âchchâ—Everything is all right by your grace. What good merit in my past Karma has turned your steps to this humble servant of yours to sanctify his dwelling with the dust of your lotus feet? How can anything ill happen to me, so long as you keep thinking of me, holy one? And that you have remembered me, this your gracious visit is proof thereof, and by your magnanimity I have been further blessed with a visit of your holy companion. What joy! What joy! Come, come, Mahrâj, take your seat in the Worship Hall."

So saying, he led the way with joined palms toward the steps which led up to the sacred hall, while he motioned to his son, who had already prostrated and risen, to bring water. As soon as the holy ones had mounted the steps to the landing, the son brought two brass pots filled with cool well water, and as the ascetics stood there the father washed the feet of Shānt Dās while the son washed Jim's, wiping them with their wearing apparel and scooping a little of that feet-washed water from the floor and putting it on their own heads. They were then led to the inner hall, on the cemented floor of which the ascetics spread their own blankets and took their seats thereon. The son and the father sat in front of them, four feet away, cross-legged and carefully covering their feet with their wearing cloth, for a householder should never show his feet to a holy ascetic.

"Yes, Girish Baboo," said Shānt Dās addressing his host, "I have thought of you many a time with undiminished admiration for your wonderful spirit of renunciation even as a householder and amidst conflicting duties and disquieting events of worldly life. You are a very gem of a householder, a true specimen of the householders of the old world whose spiritual consciousness was on a par, almost, with that of an ascetic. Why, you are an ascetic even now. What is asceticism but renunciation in one's mind of things unreal, and what is renunciation but the enevitable effect of grasping the reality, and what is reality but love for God, the only unchangeable substance of these changeable phenomena, called life or creation? Love alone is life, and love is God."

As he heard these words with the gravest attention and with joined palms, Girish Baboo could not control the tears which ran down his cheeks. As Shânt Dâs finished, Girish Baboo made a bow to him and said in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"And that love of God, holy one, can only be developed by the grace and touch of one of the dearest ones of the Lord, a holy ascetic. I was such a wicked man, my whole being so hopelessly wrapped up in material interests, hungering for nothing but material joys. Selfishness had turned my heart into iron, my mind into stone, they were too hard to absorb the love of God, but the touch of the Mâhrâj turned that iron into molten gold, that stone into transparent liquid, in which the image in the soul, the image of Krishna, is constantly reflected. Oh, what a philosopher's stone is the absolute lover of the Absolute God!"

As Jim heard this confession, his feelings were choked with emotion, his eyes brimmed with tears, and a gasp escaped his lips. Shânt Dâs turned toward him quickly and said to Girish Baboo, pointing at Jim:

"This is the latest recipient of the Mâhrâj's grace. His story is the same as yours; he is a Sahib, but this is for your ears only and those of your son, a worthy son of a worthy father."

Then turning to Jim he said:

"Mâdho Dâs, this is one of the chelâs, a dearest one of the Mâhrâj. You can talk to him freely."

Baboo Girish Chander bowed low to Jim and burst out:

"Glory be to the Mâhrâj and glory be to you, Sahib, that you have received his grace. You must be a favorite of Krishna to have met the Mâhrâj and to meet him is to receive his grace. You are very fortunate, Sahib, very fortunate."

"I am, I am," exclaimed Jim, "and I am enjoying my good fortune, brother, you are right—to meet the Mâhrâj is to meet God face to face. Think of my extraordinary fortune, a barbarous Mlechcha—barbarous because of the beaten-iron conceit with which his mind is filled and constructed, barbarous because of the rank materialism with which his life's every hour is pervaded and his almost every instinct is guided, barbarous because undisguised selfishness is his religion—for such a barbarian to meet God's messenger of grace face to face is undreamt of good fortune."

"You are not that now, Sahib, you are all gold now. The philosopher's stone has transformed that beaten iron into pure gold. You are now a Hindoo of Hindoos, holy one, a saint. You look it. Now that I am told you are a Sahib, I see you are, you betray it by some aspects of your features. But it takes a close study to mark them. All this time I did not mark it, for the light of your predominant spiritual consciousness, with which your face is beaming, prevented my mind from thinking of your nationality, from thinking of the race to which your body belonged. You now belong to the divine race, you are all soul now, and your body even is soul-stuff. What difference is there between a Hindoo and a Mlechcha before God's almighty power? Bereft of His grace, the highest born Hindoo becomes the worst Mlechcha; endowed with His grace the worst Mlechcha is transformed into the highest Hindoo, aye, more than the highest Hindoo,—becomes a divine being encased in seeming human flesh."

"Shâbâsh! Girish Baboo, shâbâsh!" shouted Shânt Dâs, "you are a veritable Veda in human flesh. Bravo! I say to you again. You have articulated the very soul of the highest truth in what you have said just now. I am ashamed of my Brahman birth before this our brother here. He went into total samâdhi and remained in it for seven hours, almost the first day he came to our monastery, and yet he talks

about his being a Mlechcha. Is not God in the Mlechcha too, as much as in a Hindoo?"

Jim remained silent with his eyes on the floor. His feelings were too deep for speech.

"Wonderful, wonderful are the Lord's ways," said Girish Chunder, "but I must now beg leave of you and attend to the preparation of your bhiksā. How blessed I am to have such holy ones in my house and be privileged to feed them."

So saying, Girish Chunder bowed low once more and left the ascetics with the son.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEN the host and his son were gone, Shānt Dās said to Jim:

"You have seen how spiritual that man is, although a householder. He is one of the miracles of the Māhrāj, as you are. But before he met the Māhrāj he was worse than anybody you know of. He was a big Zemindar—master of vast landed estates—a millionaire in money, most of which he secured by diabolical means and direst oppression upon his ryots (tenants). His mind was entirely absorbed in money-making, it was his one passion of life, his mania. Nothing was too mean or cruel for him to resort to in order to acquire the object of his heart. Besides, he was a miser, indeed his miserliness was beyond belief; he was as bad to his blood and wife and children as to outsiders. His family groaned as much under his oppression as those whose material means and possessions he exploited unmercifully. Nobody was safe from his greed and cruelty, nobody who came across him or was related to him. And withal he was a Brahman, born of the purest stock of Brahman blood. His father was almost a saint, though his mother was not so good. She came from a low-bred Brahman family, poor and fallen. She possessed many of the vices of her son, yet she had many virtues. But the son had none. This man, such a demon in conduct and instincts, went through the formulas of a Brahman's daily worship all the same. People were horrified to see him sit in worship of God whose every law he violated and outraged in his daily actions."

"How do you account for that?" asked Jim humbly, though he was very much interested in Shānt Dās' story of Girish Baboa's past life.

"Account for what?" asked Shānt Dās in return, as mildly.

"I mean to say, how do you account for such a man being born in such a high Brahman family, as also how he could be inclined to love God so as to worship Him, though in heart and mind such a demon, as you say?"

"Very easily," answered Shānt Dās, "it was some bad Karma of his father's in some previous birth which reacted in his father's getting him for a son. We are punished most cruelly and effectively when the dealer of the punishment and the perpetrator of the cruelty is related to us by the tenderest affection of the blood. As for his worshipping God, there was no love in that worship, absolutely none. He went through the formulas of worship by force of habit formed in his boyhood and fostered by his conceited and deluded idea that he had the sanction of God in everything. And, again, he thought at times he could propitiate Him by prayers, whenever some compunction weakened his mind for a moment."

"But now hear the sequel. He had one night, in the course of his mad lawlessness, caused a whole village to be burnt to punish the ryots thereof, who had protested against his excessive increase of their rents and not only refused to pay them, but had armed themselves against his cruel band of myrmidons who were the weapons of his oppression."

He had burnt other villages before but had escaped scot free through his dextrous manipulation of legal flaws and technicalities, through lawyers, who were the only persons whom he paid well and freely to evade the clutch of the law. But this time the Government was determined to bring him to book, and warrants were out to arrest him, dead or alive. In great terror he had fled to a jungle and hidden himself there. He was all alone and very miserable. He had passed a whole day and night without food or sleep, afraid to stir from his hiding place for fear of arrest. In the depths of the second night he fell into a stupor when he heard some one say, in the sweetest voice he had ever heard,

"Come to me, I will protect and love you."

"The words thrilled through him, the voice seemed to be divinely tender, and, in the extreme soreness of his wrought-up mentality, it was like a balm upon it. He woke up from the stupor and slowly opened his eyes. Before him stood in the dazzling moonlight a figure of wonderful beauty, a holy ascetic, the compassion in whose face shone forth like the moonbeams. The figure called him from out of his hiding place in the bush by a motion of his hand. He ran to him and fell prostrate at his feet. The ascetic put his right foot on his head, and the touch of that foot made his being convulse in every atom of it, convulse with the holy magnetism that coursed through his brain, mind and body and purged him from all his dark attributes. Trembling with the wonder of it, he rose to his feet and faced the holy man, not knowing what to say, but only cried out in the agony of repentance mixed with the ecstasy of the blessed transformation. He did not believe that such a being could ever be of the flesh, he thought it was Lord God Himself who had come to his protection to save him from the direst peril of his own iniquities. But it was not Lord God, but a very powerful messenger of His, a messenger of mercy—absolute mercy. It was the Māhrāj.

"To make a long story short, filled with new light and life, he went to the magistrate straight from the jungle and surrendered himself to justice. He stood undefended before the court and confessed all his crimes and iniquities, and with tears in his eyes begged the magistrate to award him the full punishment of the law. It created the greatest sensation and even touched the heart of the magistrate who, out of mercy, sent him to jail for one year only, with hard labor. He was sorry it was not harder and went through his term of imprisonment as a saint would do. Indeed, he was a saint among the criminals; his repentance, humility and godliness had a great effect upon the heart and mind of even the hardest criminal. Freed from jail, he gave back to people the money he had dishonestly extorted from them, went to all his ryots, with tears in his eyes, to pardon him, and those who were poor received from him generous gifts of money. He built new homes for poor people and for those whose homes he had destroyed. Then selling his landed estates almost for a song and giving away more than half of his hoarded money in charity, he came here to Benares with his wife, son and daughter on a modest income compared to what he possessed before, and has lived ever since in the path of the Lord, like the saint that you see him now. Isn't he a miracle?"

"He is, he is," responded Jim, "and so am I another. I wonder how many miracles the Māhrāj has performed like we two are, and I wonder more how such hopelessly wicked beings like me can draw to themselves the mercy of such a divine being as the Māhrāj."

"Such miracles of the Māhrāj are innumerable," said Shānt Dās "and I am acquainted with many. As for the merit which draws the Māhrāj to such people, it is simply this, that these people had in previous births developed extraordinary concentration of the mind, but in this birth it was misdirected, and this misdirected mind-force has

developed them into uncommonly evil characters. Back of the mind of a man of phenomenal wickedness is its concentrated force. When that force is turned into the right direction, the wickedest man becomes the greatest saint, and man is Nârâyan, for Nârâyan (God) lives in him as his soul. Seen from this viewpoint, what seems bad is but the non-recognition of the good in men and things."

Here came Baboo Girish Chunder and begged the ascetics with joined palms to sanctify, with the touch of their holy feet, his inner apartments where their bhiskâ (meal) was awaiting their pleasure and grace.

Back of the Worship Hall were the inner or women's apartments. The way was shown by the host through a corridor, then up a flight of steps into a broad veranda, on the lime-cemented floor of which, near the middle, were spread two beautiful rugs each about a yard square, before which were placed two large silver plates which contained a portion of the meal, while the other portions were contained in ten silver cups placed around the edge of the plates. On the further side of the plate was a pile of boiled rice neatly smoothed, on the left side of it was a pile of folded châpâties (soft, thin, unleavened bread), on the right were some fried and dry curried vegetables; the front and middle part of the plate was left empty. In the bowls around the plate were many other courses of the meal, some liquid, others semi-liquid. Outside the bowls on the right was a small silver tray, on which were slices of different kinds of fruits, on the left was another same sized silver tray containing many kinds of sweetmeats. Between the plate and the rug seat on the right was a large silver tumbler filled with drinking water.

As soon as the ascetics landed on the veranda the ladies of the house, Baboo Girish Chunder's wife, daughter and daughter-in-law, received them by bowing low to their feet. They were all draped in white cotton cloth with about two-inch broad colored borders, half of the cloth forming the skirt, the other half covering the upper part of the body, so gracefully folded around it that to Jim's eyes they seemed to be the most picturesque feminine dress he had ever seen. When they rose from the ground, Shânt Dâs introduced them to Jim. Then pointing to the matronly lady he said:

"This is Girish Baboo's wife, a veritable Lakshmee, and her name also is Lakshmee—the Consort of Vishnoo. Her full name is Lakshmee Devi. *Devi* means Goddess, which suffix every Brahman lady has attached to her name. It means that a Brahman woman is a goddess among other women of the other castes."

Blushing, Lakshmee Devi said to Shânt Dâs, with palms joined:

"You are a divine soul, Mâhâtma, so you see divinity in every body and everything. But no doubt your gracious look and breath has already filled me with the divinity which you claim for me."

Lakshmee Devi had a portion of her sâri covering her head, but the two young ladies had drawn it a little over their forehead just above their eyebrows. Shânt Dâs introduced them also to Jim—one he said, was the daughter and the other was the daughter-in-law of their host. The mother and daughter were brunettes in complexion, while the daughter-in-law was of very light golden complexion, but the hair of all of them was black.

"I do not know the names of these two mothers of mine, but they are also Lakshmees, you may take it." At which they smiled innocently. "Even the sun," Shânt Dâs added, "has not the privilege of peering into the faces of these mothers. But we of the Lord's Road can look at them and they can look at us, because we are their babies."

Jim, looking at their faces, was thrilled into the questioning thought whether he has ever seen in any Western woman's face such a lustre

as shone in the faces of these three ladies. It seemed to him to be a lustre of sacredness, the shine of their soul, and he exclaimed within himself, "They are goddesses indeed!" But the elderly lady interrupted his thoughts by asking them to wash their feet and hands. The washing of the feet of the holy ones was performed by the ladies who touched their wet hands on their heads as a blessing. Then the saints, having washed their hands and rinsed their mouth, were led to their seats for the meal.

CHAPTER XXIX.

As soon as they had taken their seats, crossed-legged, on the rugs, Shânt Dâs said to Jim:

"Now, brother, this is the first time that you are about to eat a Hindoo dinner in a Hindoo home, and I must not only help you in showing the way it should be eaten, but must give you a few details of its preparation. The Hindoo cooks his food in the cleanest possible process. You see this is a strictly vegetable dinner, as all high-caste Brahmans, especially if they are Vaishnavas—Krishna-worshippers—eat nothing but a strictly vegetable meal, for every orthodox Hindoo cooks the daily meals for God, by which I mean that he eats nothing without offering it first to God (Krishna), and as Krishna, the Supreme God, is the Lord of Love and Compassion nothing can be offered to Him which partakes of cruelty. Therefore, roots, fruits, vegetables, milk, cereals and sweets can alone be offered to Him. To offer Him any food, moreover, it must be prepared with the utmost cleanliness, purified mind and the most sacred of feelings. But not only has it to be cleanly cooked with a clean mind, but the person who does the cooking should also be clean of body. The cook who has prepared this meal had, therefore, to take a bath in the sacred Ganges to clean his body; then he wore a clean and sacred cloth, went through his worship of God before entering the kitchen where all the materials for the cooking, the vegetables and spices, were, after being dressed, washed in clean or sacred water and placed before him in clean trays and bowls. The kitchen itself and the open oven were cleaned in the most scrupulous way before the cooking materials were placed there. Then the cooking pots and pans, brass and iron, had been scoured and cleaned with ashes and washed with clear water, so that not a trace of the black soot of the previous day's cooking was left on them. When all these courses were cooked, they were taken to the temple of the house where they were offered, through Scriptural formulas, to Krishna, and remained there for a time long enough to allow the Lord to eat at leisure.

"This may strike a foreigner as somewhat superstitious or irrational or foolish, but I assure you these foreigners are all wrong. God is Love—God being all love, He absorbs love and accepts anything offered in the spirit of love. This food, offered with a loving devotion to Krishna, has been graced by His acceptance; it is, therefore, called *prasâd*—graced food. You see this tulsi leaf on the top of this pile of rice, it is a leaf of a sacred plant, sacred because of its spiritual attributes; the tulsi leaf is, therefore, used in dedicating anything eatable to God.

"Now as to the process of eating. These courses in the bowls are placed in the order of their eating from the right. First comes this little tray of fruit. You Europeans eat fruits at the end of your meal, we eat them before eating the meal. The reason is scientific; fruits draw out and stimulate the flow of digestive juices in the stomach and thus prepare it beforehand to digest a heavy meal. Then come different courses to be taken one after another, according to the order of their taste, as enjoined by the Scriptures. First comes the bitter-sweet, then

comes the hot, then comes the sour, then comes the sweet-sour, then comes the all sweet. Now in this first bowl is the bitter-sweet first course called soup, a word and a course you are familiar with in the West, but little do you know that the word *soup* is absolutely Sanscrit and is as old as creation. It has always formed the first course with the Hindoo, and so much importance is assigned to it that the word for cook in Sanscrit is *soup-kâr*—preparer of soup. In modern parlance *soup* has been corrupted into *sukat*.

"Then these bowls contain different kinds of curried combinations of vegetables, dry and gravied, of different varieties of taste. Girish Baboo is a Bengalee, and the Bengalees are known to be the best cooks in India. Now you must follow my process of eating. All these courses, whether on the plate or in the bowls, are to be eaten mixed with this rice or this bread, or according to your will. Some rice is to be taken from this pile, thus, and mixed with this soup in this empty space of the plate to be eaten with your fingers. We have no knives and forks, our fingers serve their purpose effectively. Now begin to eat as I do. Never mind if you make a mistake, these people won't laugh at you."

So saying, Shânt Dâs laughed as he began to eat, and Jim followed his process most intelligently. Girish Baboo also helped him in it with affectionate interest. Jim made many a mistake, what between the directions and the example, and Shânt Dâs laughed good humoredly and said:

"Now don't blush because I laugh, I take out of our hosts all the laughing in order to save them from the rudeness. Besides, it is nothing to be ashamed of. You have never taken a regular Hindoo meal; therefore, I have brought you to the kindest hosts in whose house you may make your beginner's efforts. But how do you like the meal? You have not to eat it if you do not like it. That will be a worse hardship than the tortures of the eating process."

Jim laughed heartily. "The quality of the food," he said in reply, "drowns all the sense of the humiliation of my ignorance of the ways of eating it. I have not eaten anything like it in all my life; I am afraid all my Sâhib's greed has come back and I will be no good chelâ of yours after the meal is over. I am thinking if I may not have the privilege of eating it all day, leaving my soul development alone for a while; I have had too much of it, anyhow. I have half a mind to forsake you and be the chelâ of Girish Baboo, and I have good cause for deserting you; I am only realizing now what a cruel taskmaster you have been to me and how mean in feeding me after the tasks—just a little milk and rice all round a whole year. Aren't you ashamed of it yourself?"

Jim said this so seriously in such an injured tone that it provoked the merriest roars of laughter. Even the ladies joined in it, and one of them, the daughter, had quite a fit of it.

"I am very glad, very glad, that you have at last succeeded in getting back to your good humor after such a length of time, but I scarcely thought you would be so mean as to wreak your revenge upon me in an essembly of ladies and before the kindest host I have secured for you. Why, sir, your ingratitude is appalling. You are maligning me most shamefully while you are eating the most delicious food, as you admit, provided for you through my grace."

The host and the ladies laughed again.

"That means," retorted Jim, "that I must mind my business in silence, since speech, you say, is ingratitude."

So saying, Jim began to eat with all the ardor of his hands and mouth, with his eyes fixed upon the plate. There was another roar of laughter.

"And now," said Lakshmee, "your chelâ has got the better of you, Mahatma, and you have to acknowledge his victory."

"But how wonderfully he speaks the Hindustani," said Girish Baboo, "how did you manage to acquire it in so short a time, Sâhib?"

"Don't talk of it!" exclaimed Shânt Dâs, "that is the keenest edge of my humiliation. He is the most diabolical fellow I have ever met. He had studied and acquired our language years before he thought of studying the Hindoo's religion, and all that acquirement, it seems, was deliberately reserved for this moment."

Thus merriment accompanied the process of the delicious dinner, and the ladies, unaccustomed to such saintly pleasantries, enjoyed the jokes most. When the meal was finished, the ascetics washed their hands, rinsed their mouths carefully and once more washed their feet.

Coming back to the Worship Hall, Jim found on his blanket a letter addressed to him as "Captain James Lawrence, wherever he may be found." The address seemed to be so queer, the handwriting so familiar and the wonder of the epistle finding him there of all places that it excited some curiosity in Jim's mind. He broke the seal and took the letter out of the envelope.

It was from his wife and ran as follows:

"My heart's own Jim,—Your Lizzie is all right, don't ever worry about her. Go on, great soul, with your glorious work. Your Lizzie has the warmest sympathy for you, and Johnny joins her in sending her eternal love.—LIZZIE."

(To be Continued)

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA

Yea, he who seeketh to know self by the practice that is the joining of the human self to the holy self of the Universal Wisdom, he shall behold that human self even absorbed in the self that he seeketh in the Universal Self, for when once he hath caught a glimpse of the Universal Self, which is the creator of holy desire, he shall no more know the limitations which man in his littleness cognizes. To him all the mysteries of life shall be solved and the intricacies of the problem of his surroundings shall be untangled and the secrets of death shall be clear and he shall know the light that throws its shadow before him. The sun shall shine no more at the back of him, making him to walk in his shadow, but the sun shall beam directly over his head and no shadow shall be cast on any side of him, but he shall see clearly all there is to see.



Wisdom, the All-Pervading God, is in him as it is in the furthestmost top of the Himalayas' crest, and caresses the soles of the ocean's feet. It is lodged in the poison that is hid in the sack neath the fangs of the slimy cobra, and it is the light that radiates from the being bright that functions on planes where thoughts are worlds and worlds are made of thoughts.



He who views all from out of the background which is the Soul, lo, he knows that there is no great, no small, no without and no within, no depths and no heights, no love and no hate, no contentment and no discontentment, no satisfaction and no dissatisfaction, no blessing and no sin, no man and no woman, no death and no quickening, no light and no darkness, no virtue and no vice. He sees but the One, and in viewing the One he absorbs the all, and, seeing no all and no One, he is even of the background and needeth to know no more, for to him all is Soul and Soul is all.

STORIES OF INDIA

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

THE ILLUMINATION OF THE GEETA

THE GREATEST day in Râm Dâs' life had come, the day for which he had secretly hoped and openly prayed for years. Yes, at last the wonderful day had dawned, and he was the proud father of a son who had found favor with the King who had announced that the son of Râm Dâs from hence forth was to be his portegé and forthwith be sent to Benares to study there the Holy Scriptures under the most learned ones of that city. Râm Dâs knew what that meant, he knew that the King would make of his boy, of his dearest treasure, a court savant, and what greater honor could a poor Brahman desire than to be the father of one who was revered by King, court and country because of his knowledge of sacred lore. His son who, only a few years ago, had been a round, black-eyed, laughing lotus-bud, was starting on the path to-day that would add lustre to the name of his family that had in days gone by shone brightly in the annals of learning. Only this morning the King had sent for him and when he stood before his royal master he had said:

"Thy son, Râm Dâs, seems to be bright and studious beyond his years, from all sides good reports have come to me about him. Wherever I see real merit I wish to encourage and reward it; so, if it please thee, I should like to send thy son to Benares to study the *Geeta* with the best savant."

And Râm had come home to report this best of news to his son, and already his boy was on the way to that city of learning where he, the brightest of all chelas was to seek a Gooroo whose wisdom would supplant the wisdom of all others that lived and ever had lived. So thought Râm Dâs, and so he went on thinking. Day and night his mind was full of one thought of his boy who was a favorite of the King and who would, no doubt, some day be made a savant of the court, and thereby make money enough to keep himself and his old father, who was so very poor, in comfort and luxury. He lived on this hope and filled his mind so full of it that he could talk of nothing else, and soon his neighbors said that the King's favor to the son of Râm Dâs had been a curse rather than a blessing, for it had driven all sense from his mind, and, where before he had been a man of rational ideas and of some worth to the community, he now lived in vision of the future when his son would be a man of wealth and he the chief partaker thereof.

Before the smile of the King's favor had fallen upon his son and so taken the worth out of his life, Râm Dâs had ever been ready to advise his neighbors in the difficulties of life and had attended to his Scriptures and had been able to expound some of the slokas that his forefathers had been so proficient in and from whom his son had, no doubt, inherited his budding wisdom. But now the books of the Brahman were usually closed and the thought of them was entirely lost in the ever glowing radiance of the yet to be.

And so the time passed for Râm Dâs and also for his son, and at last news came from his son that he was on the way to his native city. The gates of Râm's heaven were open at last, the door of his hope was the entrance into the happy country of prosperity, and he neither ate nor slept during the days that followed his son's arrival; for surely the King would send for him now and install him in a position which, to Râm's abnormal reasoning of importance, had grown by this time second to the King himself. And his son, his Krishna Dâs, deserved it if ever a man did, for who could look on him and not see the mark of the pundit

written all over him. His stride was long, his gestures wide, he wore his cloth as no one in the city did, and lo, the manner in which he carried his head and the tone in which he intoned the Scriptures, all bespoke the man who had risen out of the walks of the layman into the ways of the pundit. More than that, he had a way of looking over the heads of his old friends and acquaintances that made his father's heart dance with joy, for already his boy had passed, in his thought, with him out of the old life into the new world of the court.

But the days were swallowing each other greedily, and for some unexplainable reason the King, his royal master, had not sent for Krishna Dās, and both father and son sought to find excuses for the delay.

"Perchance, he has not heard of my arrival," the boy ventured at last to remark.

"Not heard!" answered the father, "why, the village is alive with it, the breath of the people is astir with it. Thy arrival has gone forth like fire on a windy day. Thou art a pundit, a man of learning, of worth, a protégé of his majesty, so why should he not know of thy arrival?"

And the head of Rām Dās rose at that of the high and mighty when he thought of the importance of that one child of his. Whether the King heard of the new pundit's home-coming or not, he certainly gave no sign of it, and not until the next audience day did Krishna Dās come before him, and it was not the royal command that brought him. In vain they had waited the King's pleasure, and when the public day came, on which one and all might come to the audience hall and lay their grievance personally before the King, Rām Dās and his son had gone and, with the rest, waited their chance to have a word with him. One by one those who clamored were heard and the claims of justice meted out or promised, until the turn came to Rām Dās and the new pundit. The King looked upon them kindly and then asked:

"What can I do for you, Pundit Rām?"

The heart of the new pundit leaped as his father pointed to him, saying, "He has returned, my son, the pundit, he is wise and learned."

"Yes," said the King, "let me see," and his eyes moved slowly over the boy, who somehow felt his bigness vanish like a bubble that is pricked. "With whom did you study the *Geetā*?"

Pundit Krishna enumerated a list of names that the world had rated as wise beyond all doubts, whose reputations had gone forth as sages and savants and chief of all expounders of the *Geetā*.

"I see," said the King, "Go, my boy, go once again to Benares and study there the *Geetā*, so that thou mayest understand it."

"But, Sire," gasped the new pundit, "I have been under the tutorship of the best, and the meaning of the *Geetā* is clear to me."

"Yea," broke forth the father, "he has all the learning that can be had, your Majesty. Ask him any question thou wouldst and see with what illumination he will answer thee."

But the King only shook his head and smiled more kindly upon the two excited faces before him. "Go Krishna Dās, go back and study. I shall be thy protector and see that all thy needs are supplied."

And with another smile as sweet and wise as that of the father of a people should be, the King left the two crest-fallen men alone in the spacious audience chamber. The father was the first to break the silence.

"Well, my son, there is nothing for thee to do but go again to Benares and find such tutors as may please his royal will."

"But, father," protested the pundit, "he has not even asked me a question, he has not sought to ascertain what my knowledge is. He has simply ignored all my learning and, like a boy, sends me off to get understanding of what I have already mastered."

And the aggrieved young pundit, with an indignant shake of his shoulders, walked out of the chamber, closely followed by his father, who filled the air with words to appease the vanity of his son that was so cruelly hurt by the advice of the King, his benefactor and friend. Nevertheless, he went to Benares and stayed his allotted time among the teachers and expounders of the Holy *Geetâ*. He worked hard and earnestly, but deep in his heart felt it was a waste of time, for did he not know all there was to know? Had not his former instructors pronounced him finished and perfected in his studies, so why should he be kept away from the court of his own city? Even now he might be holding a splendid position as court interpreter of Scriptural lore, drawing a magnificent salary and moving among the courtiers and the King's subjects as the favored and envied one of them all. All this might be his even now, if it were not for the foolish whim of the King who, though kind to him, seemed to be full of strange contradictions.

But he remained until the time came for his return, and this time he did not wait to see if the King would send for him, but hurried with his father to the palace on the first audience day and waited for the King to call him. But, alas, the King looked at him kindly, but said not a word, until Râm Dâs, now thoroughly frightened at the King's lack of discernment of his boy's gifts, said to him:

"Your Majesty, the boy hath returned more wise than one can conceive of. Nothing there is in the whole *Geetâ* that he cannot expound to the wonderment of even the most illumined ones."

"Krishna Dâs," spoke the King as a pitiful father might, "go back and study the *Geetâ*," and then left them both.

Nonplussed, the father and son looked at one another. Poor Râm Dâs burst into tears, but his son straightened himself, aflame with anger, and within an hour was on his way to Benares.

Weeks passed and months had gone and the year was over, and one day Râm Dâs saw his boy coming toward his door, but oh, so changed from the days of yore! The stride that had been so long and pompous before was now a step, joyous and light and quick; the head that had been carried forward as if bent by its weight of learning was now upheld as a glad boy's, and his whole bearing, his face, his look and his laugh, bespoke a man made free from the burden of his own conceited importance and vested with the dignity of a happiness that made him a child of Nature, and the blessedness that made him monarch of all the earth. Râm Dâs looked upon him, sorely disappointed, for all he approved of in his son's mastership was gone and he had become even as a little boy again. Nor was that all. Something akin to horror came over his father's heart when the days had passed and Krishna Dâs absolutely refused to go to the palace on audience day and show himself to the King.

"Thou art mad," Râm told his son many times a day, "thou hast forgotten thy calling, hast forgotten the dignity of thy learning. Here thou dost sit all day and most of the night, poring over thy scrolls, laughing and weeping as if thy senses had taken leave of thee. Thou dost even refuse to go to the King on this day when the highest and lowest, the meanest and greatest, go to look upon him and lay their needs before him. Come, my son, go with me and make thy petition."

"Nay, father, why should I go? Naught is there I would ask of the King."

"Naught is there thou wouldst have of him? Surely thy senses have left thee. For years thou and I have had one object in view, that of seeing thee the interpreter and expounder of the Scriptures at court. To this end I lived, and now that thou hast given years to the study of the *Geetâ*, you return home as if bereft of thy wits and tell me there is

naught the King can do for thee. O, unlucky father of a foolish son am I!"

And before Krishna Dâs could say the words to comfort him, Râm had rushed out of the house, muttering to himself a prayer to the gods that his son, his foolish, headstrong, only son, might be restored to reason again ere the misfortune of the King's displeasure rest upon him for his indifference toward his royal patron. Among those who sought the King in the audience chamber that day was Râm Dâs. He stood a little apart from the rest, for of late the neighbors had laughed at his discomfiture at his son's attitude. They even nudged each other within his sight when he made lame excuses for the young pundit's withdrawal from the public, and to-day he felt the failure of all his hopes more than ever, for his son seemed to have lost all sense of his future, all desire for aggrandizement, and all will to hold the most coveted position at court. The King entered the chamber, followed by the courtiers, and began dispensing mercies and justice, when he caught sight of the hopeless face of Râm Dâs in the distance. He beckoned him nearer.

"Pundit Râm," he began, "I hear thy son has returned. Why does he not come before me as was his wont?"

"O, your Majesty, be not offended, the boy is so changed, I fear me much study has made him weak-minded. He will not leave his scrolls even for an hour, but laughs and weeps over them as a child does over his playthings. I begged him to come to-day, but he would not. But it will pass, he will be himself again soon, Sire."

The King smiled slowly and wisely, "Is it even so, Râm Dâs?" and turned from the disconsolate Râm, who saw the world darken as the King called another to take his place before him.

The next morning, while Krishna Dâs sat as usual poring over the sacred books, he was suddenly aroused by his father's rushing in with the wild exclamation:

"He comes, my son, the King is coming, he is nearing our house! Arise, make yourself ready for him. By the love of the gods, art thou entirely mad that thou wilt not budge even at the coming of a King?"

But Krishna Dâs only looked at his father for a little, and then, as if he had brought him the most ordinary message, he turned to his *Geetâ* and continued to read.

"Krishna, my son, dost thou not hear? The King himself is coming."

"I hear, father," answered the boy.

And tearing his hair, Râm Dâs hurried away. "O your Majesty, be not angered at the lack of courtesy in my son, that he comes not to offer you obeisance. He seems bereft of reason, for, when I announced your coming toward our house, he looked as one who heard not, and straightway bent over his books again. The boy, through over-much study, has become simple."

But the King said nothing, and, entering the house of his protégé, was soon looking at the young student, who sat as if overwhelmed with the beauty of the words that he feasted upon. "Krishna Dâs," said the King reverently, as he neared him, "thou didst not come to me, so I come to thee."

With a start, the reader lifted his head to look on the King with eyes that were overflowing with tears because of the joy of the illumination that the *Geetâ* held for him.

"O your Majesty, too great is the honor that thou dost bestow upon me. I came to thee before, O King, because I wanted thee to bestow certain privileges upon me; I longed then for the position and fame and honor which thou couldst give me. To that end I had studied the *Geetâ*.

Self-aggrandizement and power were the end, to which the knowledge of the *Geetâ* was the means. But now, O Sire, I have found all the wealth and treasures and honor of the universes in these words that were uttered by the King of Kings, the Lover of Love, the Giver of Heritages. There is nothing I ask for, no need is there in my being, no want in my life, that this *Geetâ* does not fill to overflowing. Thou and the world have nothing to give me. These words, this wisdom, this love, all that is contained in this blessed *Geetâ*, are the fulfilment of life it is the utterance of wisdom, the outflowing of love, that breathes from the Creator unto His creation, making man indeed a child of God, and that unveils to him the great Parent-Heart of Love whose every throb is creation and whose every thought is for the welfare of that creation."

THE BABA IN THE WEST

CHAPTER X.

The British Nation's Sorrow.

As it struck me, it must also have struck other Hindoos who were then in England to study the British people with eyes open and mind alert. How glad "Peace Monday" was; how sad Tuesday. On "Peace Monday" the heart of the nation came out and sat radiant on its face, and made men and women dance in wild joy in the streets. The joy was too big not to break through its proverbial stiff reserve, and all the more wild on this account. It was like the bursting of a shell—the thicker the covering the more violent the explosion and the report. But let me pass on to its sorrow.

It was round a luncheon table that I saw the effect of the blow that hurled the nation from buoyant joy into abject sorrow. Truly, strangely, almost romantically dramatic, the effect of the intelligence upon those who heard it for the first time at that table was dramatic also in the extreme. The lady who announced it had been out, and joined the meal when it was half over. She looked agitated, but nobody noticed it except myself. There was no color in her ever-smiling face, which was unusually grave, as she sat down to her meal without removing even her bonnet, and busied herself at once with knife and fork as if she had been hungry for days together. But, as it appeared to me afterwards, even she, an English lady, dared not speak it out at once—as if it would look like trifling with people's feelings. She dared not do that, an Englishwoman among intimate Englishwomen. So she broke it gently and in almost whispered jerks, without daring to look at anybody;

"Very disappointing news. Coronation postponed."

"What?"

All mouths and hands stopped action, all eyes were centered upon her face. She grew paler.

"The King's ill."

From surprise into sadness with a plunge!—that was a thrilling picture. I have never seen it in life—public feeling so genuine, so truly expressed. All faces lost color, sorrow sat in them—gloomy, rigid, bolt upright. It was no assumed or fickle mood, no attitudinizing simulation of intellectual loyalty. Of this I was convinced, for I probed and found it the real living thing, and no mistake.

"Oh, the King will be all right, I should think, in a few days, and it won't matter if the Coronation is delayed yet awhile. The expectation of a great event is far more pleasurable, I believe, than even the event itself. So it won't matter much."

But no, the company was in no mood for lightheartedness. They scouted it in what I thought a mute look of appeal at me. The seriousness which was writ large in every countenance never relaxed, though the news was discussed for a pretty long time. The report of the King's sudden illness on the eve of his Coronation was like the news of the sudden illness of a dear relative. It stunned them for a moment, and then made them victims of nervous anxiety and sorrow.

The sad suspense was evident everywhere. The least mention of the King in the streets attracted a crowd who, with craned heads and bated breath, wanted to know the latest report of his Majesty's condition. As I wrote this article for the *Westminster Gazette*, the shout of the newsboy in the street below made most people look out of the window and then rush down the stairs, snatch a copy of the paper, and open the sheet with trembling hands to scan the latest bulletin. Outside the railings of Buckingham Palace crowds hung about all day, and late into the night, too, with sadness depicted on their faces. In the streets, the flags and festoons and colors and decorations seemed to have become eyesores to most passers-by. The people were disconsolate. They did not even want the Coronation now, it seemed, they wanted their King—"Long live the King!" Any monarch ought to be proud of such a people.

Out of all the above I drew one great deduction: I had seen—a big living nation, though it lived a very materialistic life. I had heard of it, read of it, even written about it. But now I saw it—a living nation. I saw it convulsed by a great joy, shaken by a sudden sorrow. It is at once the most interesting, most inspiring sight to the modern Orientals, except the Japanese. And yet, greater even was India in the past. I recall the most famous incident out of the records of her hoary ages. The sad excitement over the Coronation of the English King reminded a Hindoo strongly of the Coronation of Raja Ram Chandra, described in the sacred *Rāmāyana*, and put the former into the shade. The going of that ideal Monarch of all humanity into exile on the eve of his Coronation, to make good the pledge of his father to his envious stepmother Kaikeyi, must have plunged the people of Ajodhya into far greater sorrow, yea, deeper sorrow than what the British people found themselves plunged in that day. But that is ancient history, and the spectacle in England was a fact before our eyes. I only hoped this striking analogy would prove good to the end, and it did. As King Ram Chandra returned from his exile to Ajodhya and was crowned amid the joy of this subjects, King Edward was spared likewise and he recovered soon from his illness to wear the crown amid the redoubled joy and fervent blessings of his loving subjects!

O ye My children! in your midst a pearl I do cast. Tread not on its fairness nor cover with dust its lustre lest you seek it again and find it not. Take it up, treasure it, drop it into the innermost chamber of your heart and there it will glow even as the moon that breaketh through a bank of storm-clouds and lighteth the heart of the jungle.

—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.



Please read the Publishers' Notice opposite the first page of this number.

WHITE AND NON-WHITE

(*London Times*)

It is not unfair to say that it has hitherto been the tacit assumption of white races of mankind that the world belongs to them, and that actual possession and enjoyment are mainly affairs of their own convenience. They have quarrelled freely among themselves about the division of such portions as seemed convenient for immediate absorption, but, taken as a whole, they have not shown much respect for the claims of the natural possessors, or much consciousness that any of the ethical systems in vogue among themselves can apply to races of a different color. They have always been ready to assume that it must be a virtuous action to "extend the blessings of civilization," and to spread the knowledge of true religion among peoples who are not white even when the process obviously tends to the extermination of these peoples. These beautiful phrases have frequently blinded the white races to the fact that they have not yet succeeded too well in bestowing anything but the dirty work of civilization upon the masses of their own populations, or in raising the fairer fruits of practical religion. They have generally been too completely persuaded that civilization can only mean their civilization, and religion only their religion, to give a thought to the value of other civilizations, older than, and, perhaps as admirable in practice as their own, or to other religions in which men have lived and died with comfort and hope for centuries before they themselves emerged from what in any other part of the world they would call the rudest barbarism. The white man's civilization has been called by some white cynic the assiduous invention of new wants, and white men have certainly learned to want every discovered product of every country and every clime. It cannot be said that extending the blessings of civilization has been a process bearing any very conspicuous marks of disinterestedness. The white man has always expected it to pay him handsomely, and upon the whole has made it pay handsomely. Except when stirred up by jealousy of another white race, or by the hope of gaining military or political advantages which will pay in the long run, a white race has rarely, if ever, spread its civilization without immediate and substantial reward. This, of course, is all that it should be, if we grant the primary, though perhaps unconsciously held, assumption that the earth really belongs to the white man, to be appropriated by him as, and when, and how it suits his own convenience.

That assumption has passed for a long time practically unchallenged. We may suppose that the non-white races had their own thoughts about the matter, but they were helpless. The white men, perpetually striving among themselves for supremacy, developed a civilization peculiarly strong for aggression. They became masters of lethal weapons against which the non-white races could not contend. These races were wanting not only in weapons but in an organization suited for effective defence. They were mostly in loosely compacted societies which formed an easy prey for communities comparatively well organized and stimulated by the desire of acquisition. So the white man has in fact very largely inherited the earth, though not by that meekness which he is taught in

There is no need, however, to speculate about the future, seeing that there is quite enough in what is now before us to suggest serious reflection. We have to deal with the entry of a new industrial force into what have been the practical preserves of the white races. Not only in Japan, but in our own great dependency of India, large populations accustomed to patient and continuous labor, and equally ac-

customed to a frugal and abstemious mode of living, are entering directly into competition with the white races in important departments. By merely supplying their own wants they would deal a heavy blow at nations accustomed to depend largely upon their markets. But that is by no means the end of the matter. The white man's lesson has been too thoroughly learnt. Those non-white populations that go thoroughly into production will seek, and are already seeking, outlets for their goods, and these goods are no longer the indigenous products sought by white men as articles of luxury or ornament, but are tending more and more to become every-day goods of common necessity. White industry has thus to face a new competitor, possessing the enormous economic advantage of producing at a very low cost, and capable of alarming expansion before any great rise in the price of abundant labor can be anticipated. At the same time, white labor is becoming more and more exigent and fastidious; more and more determined to retain a larger share of the results of industry, and more and more impatient of the harder forms of toil. One result of which is that, in spite of all race prejudice, the non-white peoples find their way into the white men's own territory. Japanese do the work of navies in California, and it is not at all clear that Californians are ready to undertake it. Ap-tern instead of upon the constantly changing one which we call progress now give them a tremendous advantage. They can produce cheaply, and cheapness has a penetrating virtue which the white man cannot resist. There are so many things which he thinks he must have that he is always, and necessarily, on the lookout for cheap gratification, no matter where it comes from. We have seen with what amazing celerity the Japanese have learned and practiced the white man's arts, both in war and peace. It is true that all non-white races are not Japanese, but it should not be forgotten that their latent powers may be very much greater than white men, with their ingrained contempt for men of another color, are in a position to appreciate. Who would have dared to predict forty years ago that Japan would stand where she does to-day? In another forty years those who now think that no other non-white race will follow her example may have been proved equally lacking in prescience.

Sives, they have at least proved not inapt pupils in the use of these things. They have exchanged for them the various products of their countries required by a civilization of numerous wants, and in the case of Japan the methods of manufacture have also been mastered and applied with great success. These races, or some of them, have also learned the industrial methods of the white man, and by their means acquire riches such as were never called for by their simple modes of life. They now meet the white man in the field, on the ocean, and in the factory, with his own inventions and his own methods. They have learned, or are learning, that national power and successful industry go together; that the first finds or protects markets for the second, while the second provides for the first. Their simple lives, ordered upon a traditional patchwork to regard as the condition precedent. There are now, however, many indications that his assumption can no longer pass unchallenged. There are qualities in some of these non-white races and in their civilizations of which he did not perhaps take proper account. If their untutored thoughts did not run much in the direction of guns and explosives the Chinese are relied upon to dig the Panama Canal, and we read only the other day of a movement in China to stop the supply, unless more liberal treatment be given to Chinamen in general. That is a significant indication that a race not organized like Japan may yet find weapons to push its commercial interests. Both Boers and Britons in South Africa seem disposed to stick to Chinese labor until a substi-

tute can be found, and such a substitute is not at present visible. These things show how difficult it would be to get rid of non-white competition by any process of exclusion. Within the British Empire some delicate questions are ripening, which are not dissimilar from that now pending between the United States and Japan, although the political pressure will come in a different form. Altogether it seems to be time for the white races to take a survey of the situation as a whole and recognize that, in the changed conditions, the old haughty and dictatorial attitude stands in need of modification.

BABA BHARATI RETURNS TO INDIA

Sage and Philosopher Who Has Lived in Los Angeles Several Years
Makes Farewell Address to Students

(From *Los Angeles Herald*.)

Spacious and beautiful, the Krishna home on Sixteenth street has been an object of no little interest in Los Angeles during the past twenty months. Here hundreds of people have gathered twice a week to listen with absorbing interest to the lectures which Baba Bharati, the Hindoo sage and author gave, dividing with equal fervor his orations between the Christ of our land and the Krishna of India. As the Baba is about to leave America for his native country, a reporter called for a few last words with him. The Baba received him in his handsome library, where books in all languages and scrolls from all countries are arranged along the shelves. With his inimitable smile the Hindoo said he was busy with many things preparatory to his departure next month. Taking the hint, the reporter told him at once the object of his visit and asked him about his future plans, and if he intended to return to America.

Returns to India

"I have no plans," promptly replied the Baba. "I am in the hands of the Lord and he plans for me. I can say that my country needs me. Just now, as you know, India is experiencing a seething unrest, but that unrest is more on the surface of her consciousness. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that the unrest is in the minds of the majority of the English-educated Hindoos who, having assimilated western ideas of life, are naturally swayed by western aspirations which the government has strenuously disappointed.

"The British government in India is but shop-keeping on the largest scale, with this difference, that the shopkeepers are the masters and arbiters of the destinies of their customers. They own the country and have maintained their hold upon it by absolutely disarming the people for the last fifty years. The only way they have been allowed to protest against wrongs, oppressions, aggressive measures and maladministration was constitutional agitation. This the English educated Hindoos adopted, hoping their earnest appeals would be heard in some measure. They formed a national congress, an annual political assembly of most intellectual men, who, for the last twenty-two years, have recorded their protests at palpable wrongs and injustice which the people suffered at the hands of the government, and sent in appeals for their redress to the secretary of state for India, with the only effect that they were sely pigeon-holed in the Indian office at London and never responded to. In despair they boycotted British goods and started the 'Swadeshi'—a movement for the encouragement of the use of indigenous goods.

National Boycott Spreads

"This movement has spread and is now swaying the whole of India. Its inspiration was a godsend and practically proved a divine dispensation, but it has roused the ire of the government, which has tried to repress it, in some instances, openly and in others by indirect means. The 'Swadeshi' has accomplished another wonderful thing, its spirit has almost magically made a united India, throbbing with the same feelings, pulsating with genuine patriotism. This has frightened the government, whose policy hitherto had been, 'Divide and rule,' and it has determined to crush it. Some small patriotic riots in Lahore and Rawalpindi, in the Punjab, have afforded a handle to the authorities to deal with the patriots with blunt severity. They have resurrected a certain obsolete regulation, Regulation III of 1818, by which the then barbarous government was empowered to imprison or deport any person without trial, and have recently arrested some patriotic leaders of the Punjab, while one of them, Lala Lajpat Rai who came to America on a lecturing tour over a year ago, has been deported unceremoniously to Burmah. This has naturally aroused the people all the more and intensified the feeling of unrest. The causes of the unrest are much more complicated, but I have put them as briefly and simply as I can.

Will Teach Non-Resistance

"This is what calls me to India just now, or else I should perhaps have remained another year here, though I have been tremendously overworked. I want to tell my countrymen that it is simply suicidal to try the temper of the government, more than ever upon adopting a policy of utmost repression. I want to tell them that India, of all countries in the world, has shown the most luminous example of observing the principles non-resistance, and has always mastered thereby the most hopeless situations in the end. Non-resistance is the most powerful resistance in the world, for physical non-resistance only covers and conserves the most potent moral resistance whose weapons are the instruments of the divine will.

"India lives in her soul, her energy is in her soul, her might lies in that soul-energy. She has lived through all the ages from creation, sustained by her spiritual power. To her world-old national existence a few hundred years of foreign oppression is but a mosquito bite of a moment. The time is approaching when the giant of her spiritual consciousness will awake fully and arise, shaking the Lilliputian tormentors off her blessed body. It is coming, coming, and the world will see that coming before it is a decade older.

"I am not a political person—I belong to the realm of asceticism. I am a citizen of the world, aye, of the universe. But it is my duty to warn the beloved people of my land of birth against their foolish action. Let them stick to 'Swadeshi' and boycott with all their energy and resolution and out of that concentrated mind force will come the era of their salvation. Let them turn their minds to the worship of their incomparable religious consciousness, letting the selfish and unsympathetic rulers of their country alone, and out of the altar of that consciousness will leap up a flame that will surround their enemies with a conflagration from which they will run away or burn down in it.

"India is in charge of the world's soul. She must not neglect that trust for the world's sake, to barter it for the tinsel trappings of mere material glory."

When the sage and philosopher gave his recent farewell reception speeches of regret at departure were made. Rev. B. Fay Mills presided over the meeting.

The following is the text of a memorial, beautifully printed in parchment, read before the meeting:—

TO BABA PREMANAND BHARATI,

Hindoo Sage, Spiritual Teacher and Author

Beloved Teacher:—

Often are we made alive to the glory of the noonday sun in the hour of its passing into the shadows of evening, and so, as the hour of your departure draws near, we, your American students, find ourselves viewing with heavy, yet grateful hearts the rich harvest which your sojourn in our midst has left in your trail. Other teachers—honored, worthy, wise—from your land of gods and Gooroos, of sages and Saviours, have blessed us with the higher understanding of man and his relations to his Maker. These have left foot-prints, following in which the West must, perforce, reach a higher and nobler plane of thought and action. These have brought a link, bright and shining and strong, to couple the Eastern wisdom with our Western mentality, giving to us a sterner grip on things spiritual and a wider sight of things divine.

But you, our friend, and teacher of mankind, have done this and more. Your work here, that stretches from coast to coast, is unique in a degree and reaches far below the surface of things. You have given to the Western world a spiritual consciousness whose atmosphere must envelop the very heart of life and penetrate the state of its soul. Not only this, but you have come with the blessed faculty of putting abstract knowledge to us in a concrete form; you have given us a process by which each soul might assimilate and take unto itself the potentialities of your Eastern philosophy and thus develop individually. A seed you have planted that has within it such potencies that the very force of them must bring it to spread and flower and fruit and grow to such proportions that all who run may see its wonder and partake of the sustenance thereof.

Nigh unto five years you have been with us, an ascetic in the midst of householders, living a life of simplicity when luxury might have been yours had commercialism been your forte. Without purse or scrip you came to us, and without money or material reward you labored here. The spirit of renunciation swallowed up all sense of self-aggrandizement which your powers sought to thrust upon you. Selfishness in all pertaining to the glory of self, yet were you ever selfish for the glorification of Him whose servant you are and whose Name you came to make known throughout a strange land—Krishna, the Lord of Life and Love, Krishna, the Supreme God, Krishna, the Name from which all loveliness has come.

Yet not only have you preached to us the God of your country's love, but you have given us a conception of our own Jesus Christ that looms in the horizon of our consciousness, illumined and perfected by the light of the Eastern wisdom which you, in your marvellous understanding, so clearly illustrated by the various steps and degrees and stages of development that stretch between the atom and the

Avatar. While you have pictured to us the high ideals of your mother country, yet have you been one of us, a fellow-citizen of America, a caste-man of the world, identifying yourself with us—body, mind and soul. By your example, you have put before us the beauty of your Hindoo custom that asks not coin for spiritual knowledge or for cooked food—sustenance for the soul and sustenance for the body. We have seen you work as only the God-inspired ones work, and the only recompense you asked therefor was that man should profit therefrom in the love of your Lord.

And now that the time is near when your sojourn is over, you have left with us, besides the heritage of five years of glorious teaching, that wonderful book "Krishna," which someone has named "the 20th Century Bible," which must ever be to those who know it, the magnet which shall draw them unto heights that know no shadows. Last, but by no means least, not only have you been the preacher of love, but an apostle of love, a lover of all mankind who, without stint or measure, gives unto the world's creatures his best treasure, even unto the emptying of himself.

In reply to this memorial presented the Hindoo teacher by his friends, followers and pupils, Baba Bharati said:

"If I had not realized, by the grace of my spiritual teacher, that it is God who lives in us as our soul, which is our real self, and who alone is the teacher of spiritual lessons, and that it is that very part of God in the student that grasps the lessons; if I had not realized through twelve years of ascetic meditation in India that the real luster of a man's worth is in what he reflects of the God in him; if I had not realized that all praise for human achievement for the good of mankind belongs only to the God-part of man, I would have been very proud indeed of the unstinted appreciation which my loving and beloved students have accorded to me in the magnanimous address just read before you. As it is, I pass it on to my Lord, Krishna, my Beloved, to whom alone it belongs, while I accept for myself, with deep gratitude, their magnanimity and love by which it is inspired. I will treasure this document next to my soul as precious testimony of appreciation of my humble services to American souls. I will share that appreciation, however, with other Hindoo teachers who preceded me and cleared the soil of American mentality for my Lord's work through me. Great among these were Protap Chunder Mozoondar and Swam Vivekananda—honored names in America, to which I bow. No less do I appreciate the labors of the theosophical leaders who familiarized the American mind with Hindoo spiritual concepts before a single Hindoo lecturer stepped upon your benign shores. Nevertheless, I claim for my part of the services this one fact, that I have for the first time presented to the American consciousness pure ideals of Hindoo religious thought in their own native dress, even as they are followed in India today.

Believes in American Mind

"My efforts in these expositions have been backed by my absolute belief in their goodness and usefulness and for the American mind, a belief further strengthened by the support of the beliefs of all the illuminated saints of all ages and of all climes. And the rewards of my labors, inspired by that belief, have been startling. I have found true what every sincere worker for human good has said, that whatever you say from the bottom of the heart finds lodging in the hearts of those to whom you say it; whatever you say from out the depths of your soul cannot fail to enter into and find welcome abode with other souls. Thus what hitherto had been known in this land as Hindoo superstitions I have been able to demonstrate them to some extent to be founded upon luminous inner truths of life.

"And coming to teach the Americans, what knowledge I have been blessed with! I have not only learned much from them, but have stumbled upon grand, new truths in trying to make my views understandable to the American mind; truths I did not know of in India. But the grandest of them all consists in the fact I have discovered that the human soul and intelligence are the same the world over. I have found that absolute truths, when presented in their own light through a clear grasp of them, are absorbed, appreciated and assimilated by all minds in whatever flesh they may be encased, white or black, brown or yellow.

Luxury of Spiritual Life

"My students have said in that address that I have lived here a life of simplicity when luxury might have been mine. I join issue with the latter part of that statement. I say I have lived a life of luxury, sir, in this your blessed land, a life of greater luxury than all the multimillionaires live. What greater, richer luxury is there in life than the luxury of living upon the highest spiritual thoughts—thoughts of God; God, who is the embodiment of love, peace and harmony, of bliss unbroken? Man is nothing but his mind, his mind is nothing but his thoughts. When his thoughts are inharmonious he is unhappy, when they are harmonious he is happy. Thoughts derived from material means are harmonious and inharmonious by turns, and so, even an emperor, because his mind dwells mostly on material things, is happy and unhappy by turns. But the mind that constantly dwells on God, the home of absolute harmony, is absolutely happy at all times.

My mind, sir, has dwelt upon the thoughts of God, by the grace of my Gooroo, for the last seventeen years. I have come to your land from India's blessed realms of renunciation; the luxury of the most luxurious thoughts which I enjoyed for twelve years in India, I have brought over and enjoyed here. None can rob me of it, nothing can cloud it. Fleecy clouds may have hovered over it now and then—fleecy clouds are but the reflections of the strenuous life of your community, but they are gone the next moment, leaving the sun of my soul shining as brightly as ever, filling my consciousness with a sense of comfort and a world-large happiness not even dreamed of by the man of world-large material possessions.

Has Been Happy Here

"Yes, sir, I have lived that life of unbroken happiness even in your land, convulsed though that land is by the din and noise of making the almighty dollars, and this is the message I came from the soul of the east to deliver to you—the message that there is such a thing as unbroken happiness, and I have discovered it and that it can be developed and enjoyed amidst the earthquakes and cataclysms of material surroundings, for the mind is within you and the fountain of that unbroken happiness is within the mind to drink from, once it is turned in its search. Your material possessions can be snatched away from you, and the shroud has no pockets to take some of them in, but your mind and your soul live even when your body dies, so once you have discovered this secret treasure of treasures that lies within you, the unbroken happiness that flows from within, you never can lose it, alive or dead.

"It has been my greatest privilege to preach to you, souls of this Christian land, your own Christ Jesus, aye, even more than I preached my Krishna, for I came here not to thrust my own religion and God upon you, but to help you to understand your own God and your own religion. I came to help the cause of spirituality, not to preach any particular religion, and if I have talked of Krishna and exposed to you the truths of the Hindoo Bible, the Vedas and the Hindoo philosophies, it was only to illumine the teachings of your own Christ, to present him before you in the limelight of the Vedas and with the X-ray of our scientific philosophies. Thus, ladies and gentlemen, I have tried to serve the cause of your churches, which affect to despise us as heathens and call our religion idolatry, and send missionaries to our land to enlighten our souls with the darkness of conceit visible within them. Yes sir, we Hindoos are heathens, but heathens who are born Christians, heathens who try to live Christ's teachings from dawn to bedtime, through the spiritual practices we have to perform in daily life. We are idolators, but we worship idols of the spirit, and not idols of matter, as is the general practice in the modern west. Thank God that we have still in India the aristocracy of spirituality, of which the 'spiritual hobos' (the ascetics) are the highest and receive the greatest homage.

Bids Farewell to All

"And now, generous and warm hearted Americans, be ore I bid you farewell, I rejoice to tell you that I have loved you all with all my heart. When I was about to leave my country and countrymen, I wept for being separated from them; the thought of my leaving those of my own blood and going to strangers in strange lands, crushed my heart. But now, after five years of sojourn among you and working hard for your spiritual welfare, I have learned to love you so that my heart is breaking in twain on the eve of my departure from your land and for the thought of separating from you. All this time I have practically forgotten my own country and countrymen and have become one of you. In trying to love you a little I have succeeded in loving you more than my own people. When I left India I was possessed of a love for all mankind, but my love for you then was but an intellectual love. But today it has become a heart love, a soul love, a love that fills my whole being. In parting from you I feel as if I am parting from my nearest and dearest blood relations. What a wonder it is! And how has this wonder been brought about? Through the love that you all have given me. In response to my call for love most of you have given me more than I have given you. A stranger in a strange land, I have not found love to be a stranger to me. Why should it be? It is a native plant of every soil, it is a dweller in every heart, and if you would knock at the door of that heart with the right rap, it is opened unto you at once. Thus have I been enriched all the more by the love you all have given me, a gift that I will share with my countrymen and bless you ever for it.

"Hail Columbia! Land of warm-hearted Americans! I bless thee for thy gifts of love and kindness to me. But of all spots of Columbia the most blessed is Southern California, more warm-hearted than any other part of the Union; in her center here in Los Angeles I have met the warmest American hearts. Here, of all other places, my mission has been best understood and best responded to; from here I carry a debt of love which I shall never be able to repay. I love you Los Angelans, I love you all. Los Angeles, of all places, has made me realize more the truth of my own aphorism, inspired by the grace of my beloved Krishna, that though blood is thicker than water, love is thicker than blood.

"Fare thee well! I bless, bless you, bless you all!"

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